# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THANKSGIVING NUMBER
1916

Simon Anderson R 2 Angle

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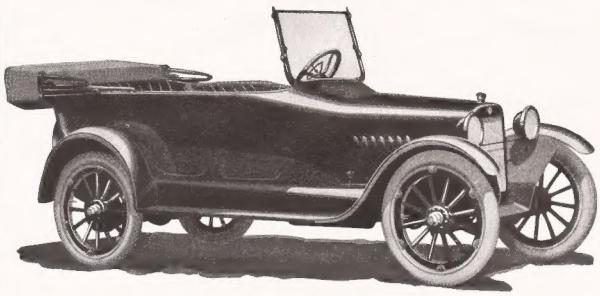

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(578)

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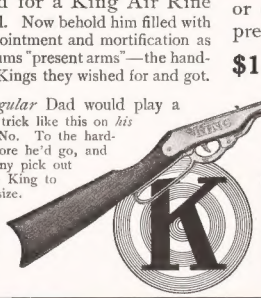


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# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE COMPANION FOR ALL THE FAMILY

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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DRAWINGS BY ROBERT AMICK

WE GLANCED UP, STARTLED. IN THE DOORWAY STOOD THE TRAMP—NO, IT WAS ONLY A BIG, HOMESICK BOY WITH TEARS IN HIS WISTFUL EYES.

# THE TRAMP'S THANKSGIVING DINNER

By William Thomas Whitlock

CREEPING up to the corrals of the 2 Bar Ranch that morning, Bill Taggart looked as sleepy and stupid as a ground owl on a hot August day. His baby was sick. Walking the floor all night after twelve hours in the saddle will subdue even a wiry cowman. His wife had been down at Tucson to visit her parents, and since her return the child had been ailing. He was the only baby on the ranch, and all of the boys felt more than an ordinary interest in him.

"What d'ye reckon's the matter with the little feller?" asked Curley, solicitously.

"His throat's all swelled up, and he can't swallow good," said Taggart, languidly singling out a mustang for the day's mount.

"Wouldn't surprise me none if it was diptthery," said Curley.

"Shut up, you locoed fool!" Big Ben growled. "See what you done to Bill!"

Taggart's face had turned white in spite of twenty years of Arizona sun and wind, and he let the mustang dodge his rope and mingle with the bunch of milling saddle horses. Doyle, the foreman, called out just then to know whether the line riders were going to be all day cinching up.

"I want to get off this morning," said Taggart. "I got to go for a doctor."

Doyle came striding down to the corrals. After looking at Taggart's face he said gruffly, "You go back to the house and help your wife take care of that sick baby. Curley can ride over to Dugout for Doctor Mayberry. The boss and I will take your places to-day." He glanced meaningly at me.

Rawley Doyle is only the foreman of the 2 Bar, whereas I am the sole owner thereof; but there never has been any question who really rules the ranch. Rawley had managed the place six years for my uncle before I came into possession, and, as he certainly makes it produce a profit, we let it go at that. Obediently I walked up to the house and got into a pair of riding boots and a flannel shirt. A little later we went galloping across the plain in the fresh fall air.

Doyle was preoccupied and silent all the morning. He even forgot to run after he had pulled a longhorn cow out of a bog hole, and while we were resting at noon he absentmindedly stepped on a rattler that had crawled out to enjoy the sun. The excitement of killing the snake roused Rawley somewhat, and as we started for home he told me something: a person he thought a great deal of—in fact, his betrothed, Miss Elinor Curtis of Terre Hante—was coming to visit him at the 2 Bar. She would arrive about Thanksgiving time.

"Isn't that—er—rather unconventional?" I remarked.

"No, it isn't!" said Rawley indignantly. "She's bringing her aunt for chaperon, and there is Mrs. Taggart to look after them at the ranch. And it's her aunt that insists on coming. You see, she raised Elinor and her kid brother. The boy ran away from home about a year ago. The last trace they got of him he was headed west from El Paso. Elinor says they can see now that they kept Harry tied too close to their apron strings; even taught him to cook. His aunt is determined to come out and search for him in person."

After a pause Rawley said, "I thought we might give Elinor and her Aunt Mary a Thanksgiving dinner at the ranch. We shouldn't have to buy anything extra except the turkeys and a few other things. Ah Sing is a fine cook."

I knew that it was useless to protest if Doyle had made up his mind to entertain his *fiancée* with a Thanksgiving dinner. Moreover, I rather liked the idea myself. I was longing for something to break the monotony of ranch life.

When we rode up to the corrals that evening, Curley and Doctor Mayberry had just arrived. Curley had had to wait some time at Dugout until the doctor returned from another call. Without stopping to unsaddle, we went down to Taggart's house to hear the verdict on the sick baby.

Taggart and his wife held their breath while the doctor examined the child. Bill was about forty years old when he married an old-maid school-teacher, and what both of them knew about babies could be written on a cactus pad. We boys crowded into the room and hung round, looking anxious and sympathetic. We all feared the worst, but none of us were prepared for the agitated explosion that came from old Doctor Mayberry.

"Think of calling me all the way from Dugout on a case like this!" he exclaimed. "Why didn't you send to Chicago for a specialist?"

"What's wrong with the baby?" I asked falteringly. "Is it as serious as all that?"

"Serious! Anyone but a lot of cow-punchers would have known what ailed the child at first sight. He's got the mumps!"

We were all so much relieved over its being nothing worse that we burst out laughing—much to the indignation of Taggart and his wife, who thought that mumps was no laughing matter.

The next morning Rawley and the Chinese cook prepared a list of the things that we should need for the Thanksgiving dinner, and I wrote a check. We sent the list to a commission house in Phoenix.

Several nights later Curley began to grumble about the food.

"What's the matter with them pickles, Ah Sing?" he complained. "They're poisoned. Ain't you got sense enough to taste your grub before you force it on us boys?"

Ah Sing protested in many broken phrases that there was nothing wrong with the pickles.

"Better let Doyle sample 'em," Big Ben suggested. "A man in love ought to be a good judge of pickles."

Rawley tasted the pickles and pronounced them excellent. Then we all had a taste, and agreed with Doyle. We urged Curley to try another.

"Yow!" he cried, holding his jaws. "I tell you they're poisoned. I can feel it eatin' right into my tongue." He got up from the table and stalked angrily away.

The next morning Curley was the last man to arrive at breakfast. As he paused before the mirror to plaster down the fishhook of hay-colored hair on his forehead, he gave a whoop of dismay.

"Didn't I tell you them pickles was poisoned? Look what they done to my face!"

We looked; we also laughed; we could not help it. The sight of those puffed-out jaws beneath the thin nose, high cheek bones and narrow forehead caused even the solemn Ah Sing to cackle hilariously.

"You've got the mumps!" roared Doyle. "Caught 'em from Taggart's baby."

Curley collapsed into a chair and glared at each of us in turn. Every change of expression on his face provoked us to fresh outbursts of mirth. Doyle fairly shouted with laughter.

"Huh!" said Curley. "If I got 'em, you'll catch 'em, too—and yo' sweet'art comin' next week."

Rawley tried to keep on laughing, but his laughter had a hollow sound. After a minute his face grew sober. "I think I had 'em when I was a boy," he said.

"The's two kin's, the black and the white mumps. You dunno what kin' you had."

"Aw—you're thinking of the measles!" said Doyle uneasily.

Rawley caught the mumps. So for that matter did all the rest of us on the home ranch—that is, all except Taggart. Big Ben looked as if he were trying to conceal an apple in each cheek. "Shorty," another of the men, resembled a Berkshire pig. My jaws puffed out like toy balloons. None of us could endure the torture of the saddle, and we sat round snarling and yowling like a bunch of big-jawed bobcats. Not a man of the "chuck-wagon" gang or the herders would come within three miles of the ranch house.

It was strange that Bill Taggart escaped, for he could not remember that he had ever had the mumps. His wife shut herself up in the house and declared that no one except her husband should gaze upon her affliction.

If such a thing were possible, Rawley looked worse than any of us. He is a handsome man of the big, stalwart type; he has fine brows, dark eyes, a straight nose, a silky, black moustache and a square-cut chin. Now, however, his face resembled a full moon; his eyes were sunk out of sight; a stubbly beard covered his protruding jowls, for he could not bear the

pain of shaving. A glance at him made us forget our own misery for a time, and to see him sadly regarding himself in the mirror was more fun than a roping bee.

"What'll I do?" he groaned. "I can't let Elinor see me looking like this."

"Send her a telegram not to come," I said.

With much effort Rawley composed the following:

Please postpone visit. Ranch got the mumps.

Bill Taggart carried the message to Dugout. He took a wagon to haul home the supplies for the Thanksgiving dinner. And while he was still in town, back came a reply from Miss Curtis:

Aunt and I both had mumps. Arrive Dugout Wednesday morning.

While we were gasping over the message, Ah Sing appeared with a towel round his jaws and said, "Me sick. No cookee glub. Go take long rest. Wantee pay now."

In spite of our entreaties, threats and bribes, he took his scanty belongings and departed, calmly ignoring the insults that Rawley Doyle hurled after him.

It was that afternoon that the "Tramp" arrived. He was mounted on a rat-tailed calico broncho, with a blanket for a saddle. He said we could call him Percival Montressor or John Smith, just as we chose, for neither was his name. Where he came from and whither he was bound was his own business; but he would like a place to sleep and something to eat. He was about seventeen years old. It struck me that a hair cut, a bath and some clean clothing would make a great improvement in his appearance.

"We don't care anything about your antecedents, previous habitation or future abode," said Rawley, "and we'll call you the Tramp; but if you can do anything like a man's work, you're welcome to stay round here on wages until some of us are well enough to get on the job again. You had the mumps?"

"Years ago, when I was a boy," said the Tramp airily. "Just as soon stay on the 2 Bar a while as anywhere."

So Rawley led him down to the corrals and turned him over to Bill Taggart. Doyle took a violent dislike to the boy; and Bill reported that he was the "ignorantest Smart-Aleck" that had ever been on the ranch. But from the wistful look in his big blue eyes I guessed that his airy speech and careless manners were more or less assumed.

The Tramp was the first one to reach the table at supper time. With Ah Sing gone, it had fallen to Doyle and me to prepare the meal. The boy began to eat as if he were famished, but after a while he pushed back his plate in disgust.

"What kind of a cook do you keep, anyway?" he asked.

"See here, you half-grown coyote cub, if you don't like our grub you can vamose on down the trail," said Doyle angrily.

The boy shrank back, looking rather frightened, and I said, in a kinder tone, "Our Chinaman deserted us to-day."

The Tramp turned to me respectfully. "Perhaps I could," he began. Then he swaggered to his feet. "Gimme an apron and show me the way to the cook shack," he said.

An hour later we sat down to a meal that convinced us that Ah Sing was a mere amateur. Even our swollen jaws and leather tongues did not prevent us from eating heartily.

"That cheeky young scamp has got to cook our Thanksgiving dinner," said Rawley to me after breakfast the next morning. "He riles me every time he opens his mouth, but he can cook! Wasn't those biscuits of his fine?"

We went out to the cook shack, where the Tramp was washing the breakfast dishes. Rawley briefly explained matters.

The boy hesitated and looked at me with his appealing eyes. "I never tried a big affair like that," he said. Then he turned to Doyle. "Sure I can cook it. Bring on your turkeys and other things and turn me loose."

Wednesday morning Bill Taggart left before sunrise for Dugout, to bring Miss Curtis and her aunt to the ranch. Doyle wandered restlessly about the place.

"Do you suppose it makes much difference to a girl how a fellow looks?" he asked me, time and again.

To escape his sentimental comments I fled to the cook shack.

"What's his big ugly nibs frettin' about?" asked the Tramp, glancing through the window at Rawley, who was pacing uneasily back and forth between the house and the stables.

"He's afraid Miss Curtis won't like his new style of beauty," said I.

"*Miss Curtis!*" cried the Tramp.

"Yes; she and her Aunt Mary arrive at the ranch this afternoon. The dinner is in their honor, you know."

The Tramp tore off his apron and reached for his old slouch hat. "I'm sorry, but I can't cook that dinner for you to-morrow!" he gasped. "I gotta be movin' away from here pretty *mucho pronto!*"

Doyle stood in the doorway. "Not," he said, "until that dinner is cooked and on the table."

"I must!" cried the Tramp desperately. "I couldn't face them. They mustn't see me—"

"Huh!" growled Rawley. "Mighty particular about your appearance all of a sudden. But you'll stay here and cook that dinner."

Something in the foreman's words and attitude evidently cowed the boy. "Will you promise not to let them see me, and to let me go as soon as the dinner is over?" he said.

"Yes. Now put your apron back on and get to work," said Doyle.

Miss Curtis and her aunt arrived at the ranch about four o'clock. At sight of Elinor, Rawley forgot all about his changed appearance, and rushed toward her with arms extended.

Miss Elinor stepped back with a startled air. Then, when she recognized Rawley, she seemed not to know whether to laugh or to cry. Woman-like, she decided to do both.

"O Rawley, is that you?" she gasped. "You poor, afflicted thing! But how *funny* you look! Oh, we shouldn't have come after you telegraphed! But we got word that my brother, Harry, had been seen in this vicinity, and Aunt Mary insisted—"

We boys suddenly remembered the aunt, a nice, motherly old lady, and we escorted her into the house in a body, heroically refraining from glancing back over our shoulders. When the lovers joined us a few moments later, Doyle's face was the happiest, ugliest thing ever seen on a man.

"It wasn't my looks that she cared for," he whispered to me.

"It certainly wasn't," I replied.

On Rawley's order the boys took the Tramp into the bunk house that night, and slept with the windows nailed down, the door locked, and the key on a thong about Big Ben's neck. Early the next morning they escorted him to the cook shack, where Curley stood guard over him until noon.

The Thanksgiving dinner began with much merriment. The "chuck-wagon" gang and the herders, whose fears had been entirely overcome by a desire for turkey, a curiosity to see Miss Curtis and a chance to jeer at our distorted faces, were there to the last man. Some of them caught the mumps, but they afterwards said that they would risk the smallpox for another feast like that. Even Mrs. Taggart ventured out, and forgot all about her swollen jaws in the fuss that everyone made over the baby. We seated ourselves at the long tables in the dining room, and when Big Ben and Shorty, who had volunteered to serve as waiters, brought in the turkey, the boys gave the rangers' yell.

"You must have a very fine cook," said Aunt Mary, after tasting the turkey. "This oyster dressing tastes just like mine," she added in unconscious egotism.

"That's because you taught me how to make it, Aunt Mary."

We glanced up, startled. In the doorway stood the Tramp—no, it was only a big, homesick boy with tears in his wistful eyes.

"Harry!" screamed Miss Curtis.

"My boy, my boy, at last!" sobbed Aunt Mary, staggering to her feet and holding out her arms.

Well, after the excitement had died down somewhat, Harry told us about himself. It was not much of a story. Through inexperience with the West he had failed to find work, and he was too proud to write home for money. In despair he had exchanged his clothing and other belongings for the rat-tailed cayuse, and had struck out across the plains. In a land where good cooks are always in demand, it had never occurred to him to put to use the training that he had unwillingly received from his sister and aunt.

"To think that you were Elinor's brother!" said Doyle, placing his hand on Harry's shoulder. "You impudent young rascal, I've a notion to thrash you for not telling me."

"Lovers always hate their sweetheart's younger brothers," said Big Ben, and at our laughter blushed a brilliant purple.

Curley took up his knife and fork. "Being as things have turned out as they have," he said, "I don't see why we shouldn't finish the Tramp's Thanksgiving dinner."

DRAWN BY WILSON DEXTER

"WHY, THAT'S THE VASE TOM WALLACE GAVE ME FOR A WEDDING PRESENT!"

# CHRISTMAS VIOLETS

## By Winifred E. Mead

AFTER a long afternoon of Christmas shopping, Mrs. Beering wearily entered the living room.

"Every year it's this way; and every year I declare it will be the last time it happens!" she exclaimed.

"Poor momey!" said Christine, as she removed the heavy furs from her mother's neck and took the bundles from her arms.

"Did you get everything?" Phillis asked, thrusting her finger among the packages. "The pearl and sapphire pin for Aunt Dorothy?"

"Everything: the pin for Aunt Dorothy, though I know she's got any number of them—only this is rather quaint; a lacquer electric lamp for Cousin Bess—I tried to get the slipper buckles you suggested, Phillis, but they said it would take three weeks to have them made."

Christine caught up her gown and danced a few little steps up and down in front of her mother.

"Oh, I'm so excited, momey!" she cried. "I'm sure daddy's going to give me that adorable platinum bracelet I want."

But Mrs. Beering's face had clouded over and she paid no attention to her daughter's remark.

"Girls," she exclaimed, "tell me! What have you got for your Aunt Sylvia?"

Christine stopped her dancing. "I've forgotten all about her," she answered frankly; "but I can give her that book on 'Human Efficiency' that Cousin Will gave me last year. I've never even opened it."

"And I'll give her the raffia workbag I bought at the summer sale," Phillis said.

Mrs. Beering looked at her daughters with an expression of doubt. "What has Jack got?"

Christine laughed. "Oh, he'll give her violets! He always does. It's a habit with him; he'll give everyone violets to his dying day."

"Well, if I had a habit, I'd pick out a less expensive one," Phillis remarked. "What have you got for Aunt Sylvia, mother?"

"I haven't anything."

"Give her a down comfortable. Probably her covers are all worn out or thin."

"I gave her one two years ago—a very practical dark one," Mrs. Beering answered.

"Oh, give her violets!" Jack Beering stood laughing in the doorway. "Give her violets, and she'll bless you. Who's the lucky recipient, anyway?"

He threw himself into a chair and pulled Christine down beside him.

"Aunt Sylvia; and no doubt she'd think one bunch of violets quite enough," Christine replied, saucily shaking her head.

Jack's face sobered. "I don't believe she'll want much of anything this year," he said. "I met Doctor Wendel in town, and he said she'd been sick with rheumatism for a week and didn't get any better."

Mrs. Beering rose quickly. "Aunt Sylvia—sick!" she exclaimed.

"Why, momey, what are you going to do?" Christine asked.

Mrs. Beering fingered her coat in hesitation. "I'm going to Aunt Sylvia," she replied quietly, after a moment.

"I don't see why that's necessary. To-morrow will do just as well," Phillis argued.

"I am going now. Jack, tell James to be ready with the limousine."

"Why, momey, you're all tired out!" Christine remonstrated. "Don't you want me to go with you?"

"No, no!" Mrs. Beering responded impatiently. "I should have gone long ago. It's almost a year since I've seen her, and now she's ill." She turned in the doorway and looked back at her two daughters. "Try to decide on the Christmas gift while I'm gone."

Out on the long country road in the luxurious car, Mrs. Beering had ample time to think. She leaned her head against the cushions and watched the little country cottages and rambling old farmhouses move past. Somehow she forgot her surroundings and was wafted back into the life of the country.

As the car drew up before a cosy little farmhouse that hugged the road, she remembered that in her childhood she had often descended there from her father's big farm wagon to spend ten wonderful days with the dearest aunt in the world—Aunt Sylvia.

Mrs. Beering opened the front door and climbed the stairs with the same anticipation that she had felt so many years ago. She even found herself sniffing for the odor of spicy gingernuts. Gingernuts and Christmas and Aunt Sylvia! Those had been the three great delights of her youth.

She turned the bedroom door knob and softly entered. The little old lady lying there could not keep back the look of surprised delight as she saw her visitor.

"Dear, dear Aunt Sylvia!" Mrs. Beering exclaimed, and there was no mistaking the warmth of her greeting. "I came to take you right home with me," she went on, smiling down into the upturned face, so beautifully delicate. "You're coming home and you're going to get well, and I won't listen to a 'no.'"

It was an impulsive demand, prompted, perhaps, by the mood of the moment, but the sincerity of her tones won the little old lady's consent. With the help of a neighbor who had come in to take care of Aunt Sylvia, Mrs. Beering began to prepare for the trip home.

Later, while she made her way to the "spare room" to get some things for Aunt Sylvia to put on, she found her enthusiasm growing cold. After all, Aunt Sylvia was not the same aunt of her little-girlhood, and she, Mrs. Beering, was an entirely different person from the country lass who had married wealthy John Beering twenty-four years before. What would the family think!

She could see Christine's look of perplexity as she announced her visitor's arrival and Jack's good-natured acquiescence and the astonishment in Phillis's beautiful eyes. She assured herself that it would not be for long—that Aunt Sylvia would understand the difference in their stations in life and return home in a few weeks.

As she lifted her head and saw her reflection in the glass of the mahogany bureau, she stopped short. Phillis—scornful, aristocratic Phillis—stared back at her; and she had wondered often what made her own child so—so—could she call it—snobbish!

She dropped to her knees and opened the lowest drawer of the great bureau.

"You will find all my things in the top drawer of the bureau—the top drawer," she remembered Aunt Sylvia had said. She ceased to wonder at her aunt's repeated direction as she gazed at the contents of the lowest drawer.

In distress Mrs. Beering sat back and stared at the array before her: the hideous dark blue and brown comfortable that was so "practical"; the impossible gray and red bed slippers; the blue Roman pearls, Phillis's last year's gift; an unattractive print of a Bouguereau. Those were on top. She did not stop to look below them. One after the other the horrors of past years flashed across her mind.

On top of all lay an envelope, on which were the words: "For my great-nephew, Jack." Without thought of trespassing she opened the unsealed envelope. Something heavy dropped to the floor. She picked it up, and the light, catching it, flashed back the flaming color of a wonderful diamond set in the hilt of a tiny sword. Mrs. Beering's eyes wandered from the jewel back to the letter.

"Because, dear lad, your violets have brought joy to many of my Christmases, I am leaving you this scarf pin that belonged to your Great-Grandfather Searles."

Mrs. Beering read no farther. Jack with his violets! What perfect irony, if only Aunt Sylvia knew it! Yet at least the old lady believed that one in the family had expended a little love on her at Christmas.

The diamond was worth a great deal of money, and Aunt Sylvia had preferred to keep it—to pass it on to Jack—rather than to buy herself some of the things that would have made her life more comfortable.

Mrs. Beering's eyes sought the corners of the room—a quaint, old-time room, one of the few that had passed unscathed through the raids and blandishments of many seekers after

old china and old furniture. Everything was shabby. The rug was faded, the veneer was off the bureau in several places, and the unpapered wall was cracked from ceiling to floor; but the little room had a quiet dignity that made Mrs. Beering's cheeks flame at the thought of the contents of the lowest drawer.

For a moment more she looked about the room; then she closed the drawer with a determined push.

When Aunt Sylvia had been bundled up and the neighbor was tucking her into the warm car, Mrs. Beering rushed back to the "spare room." With a sweeping movement she tumbled each and every one of the incongruities from the lowest drawer into a bag. Only the letter with its precious contents she left behind.

At the end of the ride, when Aunt Sylvia had been carried up to the softly lighted gray and pink room, Mrs. Beering had Jack bring the bag in and put it into the living room.

"Why, mother," Jack said, noticing a twinkle in her eyes, "you look mighty happy!"

Mr. Beering beamed down at his wife. "Why haven't you had your aunt visit you before?" he asked.

Mrs. Beering's face sobered a little, but brightened again almost immediately. "After dinner we shall hang the wreaths, and then I'm going to show you what I have in the bag."

"You're almost making me like the bustle of Christmas, mother," Phillis said, as she arranged a bunch of holly in a copper bowl.

So that was what Christmas meant to Phillis—bustle!

"Momey, let me eat dinner with Aunt Sylvia," said Christine, as she tripped down the stairs with sparkling eyes. "She's the dearest, sweetest little lady, and I'm going to buy her a pink silk kimono, so she'll fit right into the room with her gray hair." She stopped short with a breathless laugh. "O momey, think of her reading the 'Human Efficiency' book! Think of her —"

"There, there, Christine!" Mrs. Beering interrupted. "I want you here with me, and I want Phillis to have dinner with Aunt Sylvia. Ask her to tell you all about the things I used to do on the farm, Phillis, and get her to tell you about the gingernuts."

Phillis demurred. She did not know Aunt Sylvia well. Whatever could she talk about to an old person?

"Oh, go ahead, Phil! Mother asked you to!" Jack exclaimed; and Phillis went.

"Well, Phillis?" Mrs. Beering asked, as her elder daughter descended the stairs to the living room, where all the family were gathered after dinner.

Phillis walked across the room and fingered the magazines on the table in silence.

"Have you noticed her hands, mother?" she said at last. "They're just like ivory,—where they aren't rough from work,—and her face is like a piece of beautiful china. Do you think it would cost too much to get her a pink pearl? I don't know just why—but she really ought to have a pink pearl." She hesitated in embarrassment.

"You'll have a color scheme to beat anything yet, if you keep on, with Aunt Sylvia as the high light." Jack, on the stepladder, laughed and dropped a wreath upon Christine's head.

"Oh, don't fool, Jack!" Christine remonstrated. "Let's hurry and see what mother has in the bag."

At last the wreaths were hung; holly and mistletoe clung to the doorways and swung from pictures; and the fire glowed out upon the assembled family.

"Christmas again," Mr. Beering said half to himself; "Christmas with the hustle and the bustle and —"

"And the fun, dad," Jack put in, from the hearthrug.

"And the presents," Phillis added, lying indolently back in her chair.

"And the thoughtlessness." Mrs. Beering spoke softly.

Everyone was silent. The fire lighted the faces and danced upon the Christmas greens.

"And the love, momey! You forgot the love!" Christine exclaimed, nestling her head down beside her father's. "Why, if I knew daddy was giving me the platinum bracelet without any love, I don't think I'd want it."

"Who said bracelet?" her father demanded, pulling her hair affectionately.

"No arguments! I know you want to see what I have in the bag: some gifts—some thought—and much, much love." There was a little quaver in Mrs. Beering's voice.

Jack brought the old bag.

"I must have some space," said Mrs. Beering. "Turn on the lights. Now are you ready?"

The family crowded close. Phillis and Christine drew back as the dark blue quilt with its grotesque brown figures came to light.

"Oh, I say! Where did you get that thing?" Jack exclaimed.

"What is it, anyway?" Mr. Beering asked.

"It's—it's—a down comfortable," Phillis said faintly.

"Oh, I see, an inducer of nightmares!" Mr. Beering remarked.

Jack drew out the Roman pearls, and held them against Christine's red dress.

"Wear them, Chrissy, and you'll be the living likeness of a futurist's ideal."

One by one Mrs. Beering took the things from the bag. Jack's remarks grew fewer as the collection on the floor increased; Mr. Beering gazed at his wife in puzzled silence.

"Where did you get them, mother? Looks like the skimmed milk of a rummage sale," Jack said, as the last, a brass vase encircled by two dragons endeavoring to bite each other's tails, was added to the collection.

"Why, that's the vase Tom Wallace gave me for a wedding present!" Mr. Beering exclaimed, seizing the vase.

"These," said Mrs. Beering slowly, "represent the thoughtfulness and love that have gone toward Aunt Sylvia's Christmases for ten years—perhaps longer."

"Why, Jane!" Mr. Beering said.

"You gave her such things!" Jack said.

"Taken separately, they aren't so bad," Phillis said, but her burning cheeks showed what her real thought was.

"They are dreadful!" Christine stooped and thrust one of the gray and red slippers into the fire.

"What a jolly fire they'll make!" Jack said, thrusting the second slipper into the fire, where the two burned merrily together.

"That will do," Mrs. Beering said, laying a hand on Christine's arm. "To-morrow they are going straight back. I wouldn't have Aunt Sylvia know for anything that we had been enduring these things. I should hate to have her pity us."

She thrust the things back into the bag.

"Christmas!" Mr. Beering reflected. "I had quite forgotten there was such a day, looking at those things. They'd never make you think of it."

"But we aren't going to let you, daddy!" Christine exclaimed. "There's a pink silk kimono to buy—my money; and a pearl—Phillis's money, and perhaps some of yours; and—and—a bunch of violets."

"Yes," Jack said, "I'm going to make it a bunch of violets, because they're a habit, and another bunch for love," and he laid his hand over his mother's.

Mrs. Beering smiled happily.

"And I," Phillis said defiantly, "shall give her a tea when she's well, and introduce her to all my friends as the sweetest martyr to Christmas thoughtlessness that ever lived."

# THE MEAN LITTLE TOWN

## By Elia W. Peattie

## In Ten Chapters. Chapter Eight

BREAKFAST was a brisk affair with the Wardells these days, for Robert was always eager in the morning. He seemed like an engine with full steam on, snorting and puffing in the station and wild to be off down the track.

But absorbed as he was in his own affairs, he could not fail to notice on the morning after the picnic the white face of Delia Sessions. It had that curious pallor that a dark face alone can have, and with the deep rings beneath the eyes and the pathetic droop of the mouth it would have caught the attention of even a more absorbed person than Robert. He chanced to have a moment alone with her, and with an impulse of comradeship he spoke out his sympathy.

"Things going wrong with you, Delia?" he asked.

Unable to speak, she nodded.

"All because of an old trouble?"

Again she nodded.

"Something you can't possibly help—an old, dead trouble dumped on you and smothering you?"

"Yes!"

"Then why in heaven's name," demanded Robert, "don't you get away from here? Dalroy isn't giving you anything; that old notion of staying round and living a thing down when a whole community is determined that you shall go into your grave with your trouble still hanging over you doesn't appeal to me a little bit. Get out of the place, that's what I say—get out and begin over. A fellow's got to have fresh air and room—and a girl needs the same things. This air isn't fresh for you, and they haven't given you room. You talk to mother—she'll help you."

"Thank you, Robert. I shall, I certainly shall. But, Robert —"

"Yes?"

"You believe in me?"

"Of course I do, down to the ground and up to the skies. But you must go where you'll never have to ask that question of anyone."

"But there are obstacles—Cousin Jenny —"

"Overcome the obstacles. That's what they're for. Good-by, Delia."

The girl waited until he had said good-by to his family, and then flew to Mrs. Wardell. Her eyes were hot and strained, her mouth was quivering.

"Now," she said, "you must let me begin to look for the necklace. Oh, just give me permission to look everywhere!"

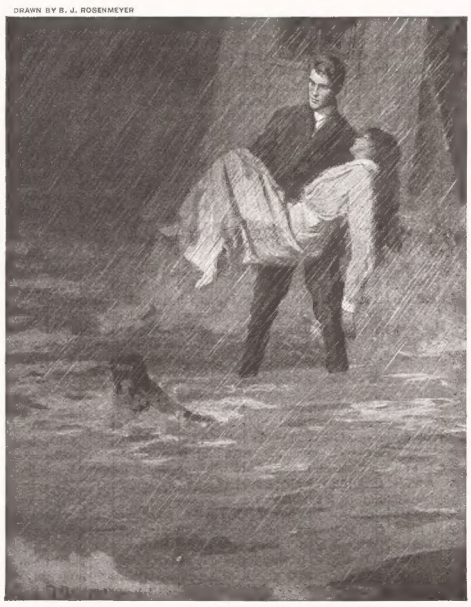
She stopped, flaming scarlet. Perhaps Mrs. Wardell would not like to have her prying into everything in the house, she who —

"I can't do that," said Mrs. Wardell gravely. "It reflects on your dignity and on mine. I cannot let a guest whom I trust fight to clear herself of such a suspicion—particularly when the suspicion does not exist. You mustn't ask it of me, Delia. Why, the girls would be ashamed to look you in the face!"

"What am I to do, then?" demanded the girl nervously. "Oh, yes, it would be horrid, wouldn't it? A thing no lady like you could allow? But what good does that do me? Here I am, with you wondering about me—in spite of yourself, you're wondering about me! Robert says I ought to go away to some new place, and I must! I must! I can't stand this any longer!"

She suddenly flung her arms about Mrs. Wardell's neck and broke into passionate tears. Mrs. Wardell had no objection to "a good cry" for an overwrought girl, but this was not "a good cry." It was a tempest of grief and shame. Rue and Annie Dee, hearing it, ran into the room, but at a look from their mother stole away again. But before the morning was over, the four of them had found the calmness that was necessary for a frank discussion of Delia's situation. They were all in favor of a change for her.

"A person has no right to stay where she'll be crushed, I can see that," Delia agreed. "To live on here thinking that I owed it to Cousin Jenny would be all a mistake, wouldn't it? It would only make us both wretched."



DRAWN BY B. J. ROSENMEYER

IT WAS THE SECOND FOR ACTION.

"The first duty of every person," said Mrs. Wardell, "is to do the finest thing by his own soul. Sometimes that comes through sacrifice, and sometimes it comes through refusing to be sacrificed. In either case, the soul marches on."

"The only question remaining is, where Delia can march to?" Rue said.

"Why not to Chicago?" asked Annie Dee.

"To do what?" persisted Rue.

"What can you do, Delia—sing, dance, teach, paint, write, typewrite, keep books, sew —"

"There you are!" Delia interrupted. "I can do embroidering and all kinds of fine hand sewing. It's a talent with me—one of the things I inherited." She made a queer little face, half tender, half angry. "And do you know, only the other day Pat was telling me that Miss Torrey knew of a settlement house in Chicago where they would pay well to have sewing of that sort taught to the girls. Do you suppose she was trying to tempt me to leave Dalroy? Of course it may be too late for me to get the position."

"We'll find out all about it," said Mrs. Wardell. "But whether you get the particular position or not, you'll get something. I should like that settlement work for you, because it would probably give you a home."

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Rue had her own problems these days. September was at hand, and that meant that she was to take charge of her school. She had decided on the one in Dubuque, Iowa, because it was nearer home than the one offered her in Arizona.

"I don't want to be a baby," she said to Patricia, "but I certainly do dread leaving home. Here's funny little Annie Dee working away on her poems and actually making a good deal of money out of them. She's been doing a lot for a large advertising agency, and they've paid her well. It seems actually silly to make a living as easily as that, doesn't it? She just goes humming and dancing round the house, working up a rhythm, as she puts it, and the first thing we know she has a bunch of verses finished and in the mail. Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous?"

"I never did!" Patricia agreed. "I always said that this was an astounding world. Some odd little talent will get ahead of the solidest worth. In speaking of solid worth I refer, Rue, to the qualities possessed by such persons as you and me. By odd little talents, I mean"—and here she raised her voice for the benefit of Annie Dee—"such flimsy wits as those by which your unreflecting sister cajoles dollars from the pockets of trusting business men."

Annie Dee's derisive giggle was heard, but she did not permit herself to be drawn into the conversation, for she was at that very moment concocting some verses describing how certain jointed dolls were like your own little sister or your own little brother. Annie Dee's verses were, indeed, very much on her mind. If she awoke early, she seized her pencil and paper, which she always kept beside her bed, and tried experiments in blithe rhythm and amazing rime.

"I'm the one who must stay at home with mother."

She was quite aware of her impulsiveness, and she agreed with her family that home was the place for her.

"I have to be kept under restraint," she said once to Wylie Curtis. "I shall never leave mother till I can do so in the care of a solemn husband, preferably a deacon—with whom I shall be perfectly miserable, but who will keep me in order."

"Why not marry a policeman and be done with it?"

"Policemen are nice," Annie Dee replied with an air of innocent pleasure. "I'm so glad you thought of that!"

Rue's trunks were all packed, when the unexpected happened. One of the primary teachers in the Dalroy school was engaged to be married to a young man in the implement business; he was suddenly transferred to Albuquerque and insisted on taking his sweetheart with him. A hasty marriage was the consequence; and Pat fled to the Wardells, carrying the first rumor of it.

"I never was so delighted to hear of a wedding in my life! And I always like to hear of weddings. Rue, you must put in an application at once for the vacancy. Then you can stay here with your own fascinating family and your fond friends."

"Why should the Board of Education give me the place?" demanded Rue. "And if they did, there's my Iowa job! It's too late to throw that up. I wish you hadn't upset me, Pat, by telling me about it."

"Leave it all to me!" Pat cried.

And surely enough, Patricia was equal to

# THE WILD TURKEY

## By Charles Frederick Holder

THE wild turkey is said to have been brought to America from Spain, and from Asia, and from middle Europe; but the fact is that it is an American bird by the royal right of birth. The proof is that its remains have been found in the marsh lands of New Jersey that were formed in the Quaternary age—probably tens of thousands of years ago.

Of all birds the wild turkey may pretend to be the best known and the most important in an economic sense. It is the first and greatest game bird, and moreover it occupies a peculiar position in our affections, for in a sense it is a national bird. What would Thanksgiving be without a turkey?

When the Spaniards came to America they found the wild turkey in Mexico, and possibly in Porto Rico and other islands. The Pilgrims found it in New England. The bird then ranged from Ontario, Canada, and the Dakotas to Mexico. Since the bird was easy to shoot and to trap, it fell a victim to the crude guns of the Pilgrims and became a common article of food. At the Thanksgiving feast with which Governor Bradford celebrated the first crop of the colonies, it was the principal dish. The Thanksgiving-Day idea grew and was perpetuated in many states, and the turkey became intimately associated with all Thanksgiving feasts.

### THE KING OF GAME BIRDS.

THE turkey belongs to the pheasant family, which includes the finest game birds, and in size, beauty and value to man it may be considered to be the king of the tribe. The early Spanish invaders of America sent it to Europe as early as the sixteenth century, and it was soon distributed over Spain and other countries. An old English rime runs:

> Turkeys, carps, hoppes, piccarel and beer
> Came into England all in one year.

Archbishop Cranmer refers in his writings to the turkey, and Dugdale, in his "*Origines Juridiciales*," mentions two turkeys and four chicks as a part of a banquet in 1555. That they were not rare is shown by the price, which was four shillings. A French author says that in 1566 turkeys were introduced from some newly discovered "Indian Islands"—doubtless Porto Rico.

The very fact that the turkey is valuable as food has been the means of perpetuating it. Shot down and exterminated in state and territory by the relentless market hunter, it would long ago have disappeared had it not been domesticated and carefully propagated by farmers all over the world. According to the United States census report four million turkeys are raised in America every year, and the money invested is about eight million dollars annually.

The wild turkey can still be found in very limited numbers in Pennsylvania, in certain Western States, such as Michigan and Wisconsin, and to a greater or less extent from the Chesapeake Bay region to the states that border the Gulf of Mexico. One of the best regions in which to see the bird in its full splendor is the mountains of Arizona, where it will doubtless live for many years to come.

In appearance the wild turkey challenges admiration. Tall, big, ornamental, it is the game of game. An average turkey is four feet long, and its weight ranges in the different species from fifteen to forty pounds. In the bright sunlight the male *Meleagris gallopavo*, the North American species, gleams and scintillates, displaying a wide range of colors that include green, dull gold, deep black, white, chestnut and dazzling red. Its feathers have a velvet-black tip. Bronze green is the prevailing tint of the secondaries, which are also barred with white with gray tints. The primary feathers, black barred with white, are most conspicuous, but they do not exceed the beauty of the black feathers, rich in purple reflections, that protect the rump. The tail of the cock is a gorgeous ornament when spread out in a fan; the main color is chestnut, barred and vermiculated with vivid black, and near the tip is a broad black band. Each tail feather is tipped with a rich buff.

THE WILD TURKEY (MELEAGRIS GALLOPAVO).

From that bronze mass of feathers rises the almost naked, featherless neck and head, with a skin of brilliant red, dotted here and there with black bristles. The bill and legs are red, and the latter are spurred. From the breast hangs a bunch of black bristles, and from over the nose a pendulous, red, fleshy object swings to and fro, giving the turkey a jaunty and debonair appearance.

The female wild turkey is smaller than the male. Its plumage lacks the metallic lustre, and the peculiar breast bunch of bristles is missing.

All the turkeys known to-day—and there are several species—are descended from this wild turkey.

One species is the Mexican turkey, *Meleagris mexicana*. It does not stand so high as the American bird, but it is very beautiful. Its body feathers are dark, almost black, yet have a metallic bronze glow in the vivid sunlight of Mexico. The Aztecs, Mayas and other races that had a highly developed civilization ages before Columbus discovered America used those birds in their feasts.

Farther south, in Honduras, there is still another species—the most beautiful of the entire tribe. The general color of the bird is a rich bronze green.

The white turkeys, known as the White Hollands, from a mistaken impression that they came from Holland, are sports or albinos. Crested turkeys are occasionally found, but they are accidents. A variety that is recognized as the Rio Grande turkey ranges the northeastern part of Mexico and southeastern Texas, and still another smaller variety is found in southern Florida.

Aside from the varieties and species mentioned above, there are certain minor differences among turkeys recognized by breeders. Thus in America six varieties are known among tame or domesticated birds. Those are the Narragansett, Bronze, Buff, Slate, Black and White. The largest are the Bronze and Narragansett birds. Third in commercial rank stands the White. The Buff and Slate are of medium size, and the so-called Black turkey is the smallest and most undesirable.

The wild turkey loves fairly open, wooded regions, through which it can wander freely, feeding on nuts, insects and tender vegetation. It roams about in bands, keeping mainly to the ground, running with remarkable speed when chased, and flying well for so large a bird.

### BEAU BRUMMEL OF BIRDS.

THE courtships of many birds are an extraordinary spectacle, but that of the turkey leads them all in pompous display, exaggerated conceit and insufferable complacency. With tail expanded, head thrown back, wings dropped and cutting the soil or leaves, the turkey gobbler, with his laughable "notes," is the Beau Brummel of bird creation. The female, a demure bird compared to the cock, builds a rude nest comparable to that of some gulls—a mere depression lined with leaves or some soft material. There, if the hen is in her prime, she will lay from six or eight to a dozen large, brown-spotted or flecked eggs. In the third season young hens lay six or seven eggs, and the next season eight or nine. The fourth season appears to be the most productive; after that the eggs decrease in number.

The hen turkey is watchful of the eggs, for sometimes the gobblers in a fit of rage or possibly of jealousy destroy the eggs or even the young. The young of the wild turkey are attractive little creatures; their color—a yellowish buff, darker above—is almost identical with that of the common bronze young turkeys of our farmyards.

After the advent of the young the gobbler, so attentive before, deserts the hen and her chicks; the mother alone rears the delicate young, watching them assiduously until they are able to protect themselves. From that time on the young are unusually hardy.

### BOTH SLY AND STUPID.

THE young turkeys subsist mostly on insects, such as grasshoppers, and spend the greater part of their time in searching for them. As they grow older they include in their diet seeds, berries, delicate buds, grain, grapes and, later, acorns and chestnuts.

Often several birds join forces, and you will see the splendid spectacle of a large flock wandering deliberately through the forests. As the birds grow, the old gobblers that deserted them at birth join them. If in their wandering the flock comes to a river, they cross it on the wing. They have been known to fly more than half a mile. Their chief method of escape is to run; they have remarkable speed, and in certain regions afford sport to mounted hunters with greyhounds.

The turkey is sly and seemingly clever at times; generally, however, it is very stupid. At night it roosts on the limbs of trees. The domestic bird has the same strong inclination; even in the coldest weather it wishes to roost on low limbs or branches outdoors.

The Pilgrims trapped the birds by leading them along a grain-covered trench into an absurdly simple trap, where the stupid turkeys remained merely because the restricted light came from above, and they looked up instead of down. That trap is used to-day. Indeed, the stupidity of the bird has had much to do with its approaching extinction. It is shot from ambush and lured by calls that imitate the male or female.

No bird is so much surrounded by a glamour of romance as the turkey; and although few birds are so well known, no one can definitely give the reason for its name. Some believe that this bird with its fez-like pendant came from Turkey; others think that the bird derives its name from one of its own notes, which resembles the word.

The wild turkey is fast disappearing; if we wish to save it from extinction, we should give it the aid of sustaining laws in all regions where it is found.

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her task. A few telegrams settled the Dubuque matter; and Rue received her permission to take charge of part of the first-grade pupils in the Dalroy school.

"So unpack your trunks, honey bird," said Annie Dee, "and be happy with us. Aren't we the lucky Wardells? Of course maybe you can find something to worry about, because you carry round a sort of magnifying glass made for the enlargement of worries, but so far as I can see with my two naked eyes there isn't a cloud on the Wardell destiny."

Then, after a moment, she added:

"The Curtis boys have just about decided to stay in Dalroy."

Rue neglected to give the ironic chuckle that might have been expected to follow that remark.

Trouble, however, as a great many have observed, is quick to follow upon just such vainglorious boasting; and the trouble that came, unexpectedly as an earthquake, not only shook the contentment of the Wardells to its foundation but brought catastrophe to others.

The season had been an unusually rainy one, and a number of small floods caused by cloudbursts and long continuous rains had hindered work upon the dam. For one reason and another the river carried a great deal of drift, and this had on several occasions made such a conglomerate mess at the sluices that the vents had been almost completely closed. The water had risen at such a rate as to threaten the green concrete work.

However, the difficulty was not regarded as serious until a heavy rain stopped work on the dam for three days. Robert's thought early and late had been for the sluices, and his men had worked like Trojans to keep them clear; but in spite of their efforts they had failed. Both Robert and Mr. Harmon trembled for their still green cement.

The rising waters began to inundate the low lands that Captain Quincannon had owned, and the sight of the flooded land exasperated him as much as if they were still his own.

The money that he had received for the land from Mr. Harmon he had already spent in wild and riotous nights with his boon companions, and there were hours when he persuaded himself that he never had been paid anything for his property. At such moments, breaking into wild eloquence, he explained to whoever would listen that the valuable land had been wrested from him by a tyrant.

Dalroy was now amused and now annoyed at those outbreaks. Quincannon, they all agreed, had long been looking for a grievance, and was delighted at having found one at last.

Robert, jaded with a long and anxious day, caught a glimpse of the haggard old riverman watching the rising waters from the height above the dam. The old man frowned from under his shaggy gray brows at the young engineer, who nodded absent-mindedly and strode on toward home.

A violent wind had risen during the afternoon and dark clouds, with saffron-hued edges, had gathered in the west.

"Another rainfall is coming," said Robert to Mr. Harmon, whom he had overtaken on the street, "and it won't be safe for the men to work on the dam."

"The whole trouble seems superfluous to me," said John Harmon testily.

"Well, we couldn't keep the rain off, could we? Floods don't usually come until later in the month; but they're here, and I don't see how anyone can be blamed."

"They can be blamed for not keeping the sluices clear."

"Don't you think we've tried?" Robert asked. "The men have been at it all day."

The two walked on in silence.

"Oh, hang it!" said Mr. Harmon at last. "I feel as cross as a bear with a sore head! I know you've done your best, Bob."

"I'm going back to the works after supper," said Robert. "Come up to supper with me and we'll talk things over. A dozen of the men are going to meet me on the bank at about seven with something they've rigged up with chains and hooks. I believe we'll have the sluices cleared by midnight."

"If only the rain will hold off, I dare say we'll be all right," said Mr. Harmon; "but it certainly does look threatening, Bobbie."

There was always welcome and comfort to be found at the Wardell cottage, it seemed. Mrs. Wardell had a delicious supper, and Rue and Annie Dee served it with quiet cheerfulness, quite aware that this was not the hour for idle chatter.

At sunset the air was lighted with a wonderful glow, made all the more remarkable by the black cloud that hung over the zenith and that moved very slowly toward the east.

An indescribable feeling of apprehension crept upon the group round the supper table, and when the telephone bell rang sharply, all sprang to their feet. It was Robert who answered the call, and the others heard him say, "Is it you, Patricia? I can't hear—the connection seems so bad. Can't you speak louder?"

He listened a moment, and then, dropping the receiver, turned to his family.

"There's something the matter," he said shortly. "Patricia seems to want me, but I couldn't make out where she was."

"At home, I should suppose, on a day like this," said Rue.

"Somehow, I don't think she is. I'm going to find her. The wires are all knocked out to-day; I wonder she got us at all."

"But ought you to go out, Robert?" asked his mother anxiously. "I feel as if something were going to happen. I never saw a stranger day."

"I've got to go, mother," Robert cried. "Pat needs me—there's something wrong."

He had been gone fifteen minutes perhaps, and they had not yet lighted the lamps, when there came a convulsion of earth and air that rocked the house and sucked at the windows as if it would have drawn them out. For a moment the Wardells and their guest gasped; then Mrs. Wardell cried:

"Robert!"

"Why Robert?" demanded Rue.

"The dam!" Mrs. Wardell managed to articulate.

"Of course!" shouted John Harmon. "It's the dam! That's what Pat was trying to say—something was being done to the dam!"

He was off without his hat, running through that strange saffron-hued gloom.

"O mother, we can't stay here!" cried Annie Dee. "We must go, too."

Yes, decidedly, they must go; and everyone in Dalroy, they soon found, was going. In the wild, yellow-hued dusk they panted along the streets; all faces were turned riverward. The young doctor sped past with his medicine case in his hand; the sheriff ran down the middle of the street, followed by a rout of boys; and along the sidewalks streamed the men and women, curious, anxious, frightened. It had begun to thunder ominously, but no one heeded that until a terrific crash, heralded by a spectacular flash of lightning, emptied the black cloud of its contents. In a moment a deluge of water was upon them, and all except the most determined were driven to shelter.

Robert had raced townward, borne on by the conviction that somewhere Patricia was in distress and had called him. He did not think she was at home, yet against his instinct he went there. The Thwait house was dark except for a light at the far end of the wide hallway, and it seemed to him that his summons would never be answered. It never was, in fact, for while he stood on the doorstep there came the shock of earth and air that sent all the town from its doors. Robert called loudly for Patricia, and from somewhere in the house the voice of the cook wailed:

"No, no, Miss Patricia ain't here! I don't know where she is, and what does it matter if it's the end of the world that's come?"

Robert answered incoherently, for a thought had flashed into his mind. His dam! His fine, effective, workmanlike dam, the first large achievement of his skill—ruined! He felt sure of it. And Patricia? Where was she? What could she have to do with the dam and the destruction of it? Yet her voice, so faint and broken, so distressed and frantic! With his heart pounding at his side, Robert sped on, outdistancing all the others.

"There he goes!" the people said to one another. "That's Wardell! I guess he won't find much of his dam left to look at."

That great flash of lightning showed Robert the Curtis boys, running close upon his heels, and the sight of them, so loyal, so efficient, so daring, comforted him.

A second more and the cloud seemed to empty itself upon them; but Robert knew that those two would not turn back. He was aware that

they were near him as he stood for a moment upon the bank and, through the curtain of rain, discerned the rushing waters and heard the roar that confirmed his worst fears for the dam. But Pat—Pat—Pat! Where was she? She had been there—had wished to warn him! An idea seized upon Robert and became a conviction. The cabin, farther downstream than the dam, stood in the very sweep of the flood.

Robert shouted to the brothers, "I'm going to the captain's cabin! I'm afraid there's trouble there!" and dashed away.

The others paused for a moment to speak to Mr. Harmon, who had come running up. They saw Mrs. Wardell and her daughter and implored them to go back.

"What good can you do here?" they demanded of the women.

"Where's Robert?" Rue cried.

Where was Robert, indeed? He had raced along the bank as far as the Quincannon cabin, had crossed the little bridge, mounted the shaking stairs and for the first time stood in the ship-like interior of the riverman's house. Every pane of glass in the windows had been shattered by the explosion and the rain was beating in from the west.

A booming sound warned him that the break in the dam was widening; indeed, the house, already loosened from its foundations by the explosion, began to slip along its piles.

"It's going!" shouted Robert. "Pat! Pat! Are you here?"

He pushed past the cluttered furniture into the farther room, and stumbled against something that lay across a lounge. Was it Captain Quincannon, stunned by the explosion? No, Robert knew that slender form—knew that great fall of loosened dark hair. At that moment she seemed to Robert to belong to no one except himself. She was his Pat—his daring, loyal Pat, come somehow to terrible grief.

The house rocked sickeningly. There were only seconds to be reckoned with. Robert lifted the unconscious girl and bore her to the outer door, which had swung to. Resting his burden against the wall, he tried desperately with one hand to open it. It would not open.

Suddenly there came to him that calmness that lies at the heart of terror. He laid Patricia carefully on the floor and tried the door with both hands.

"It opened inward," he said aloud quietly. "I remember it opened inward."

With that, he ran his hands along the upper casing. Sure enough, the trouble lay there. The casing, wrenched from its joining, sagged over the door. Tearing his hands on the nails, Robert rent it loose. At last he was free.

But the way was no longer clear; part of the bridge was gone. It was the second for action—even if unavailing; but all his purposeful life and eager manhood would have gone for nothing if he had not taken his chance. Gathering Patricia close, he leaped shoreward amid the wash of the racing river and the tumult of the downpouring rain.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# STRAIGHTENING A KINK

## By Fisher Ames, Jr.

### In Ten Chapters. Chapter Ten

IN a motley costume of odds and ends, and with an old straw hat of Joe's propped up on the rims of his ears, Wilfred came out of the cabin to find the *Porpoise* and half a dozen other boats, including the *Rosabell*, clustered about the crippled schooner. As the boy came on deck the oystermen gave an uproarious shout.

"Good work, Will!" shouted Mose from the deck of the *Rosabell*, and others hailed him with rough, jocular compliments.

The crew of the bar boat sullenly dropped her sails. Jaynes, black as a storm cloud, had evidently been giving free vent to his opinion of his pursuers. Now he stepped to the rail and shook his fist at Wilfred.

"And as for you," he snarled, "I'll have the law on you yet, you young skunk!"

"You needn't talk about the law. Didn't you try to shanghai me?" retorted Wilfred.

"And you're a poacher, too!" cried the Skipper.

"How about the company that cheated Tom Redmond?" called an oysterman.

"Ay, let's hear about that!" chimed in a dozen voices.

"He's got nothing to say, boys!" shouted Todd. "He didn't dare to face us like an honest man. He knows his wharf rat, Rollins, gave him away."

At the mention of Rollins's name, Jaynes, who had been pretending to be honestly indignant, started. His eyes puckered up into shifty pin points. He was hardened enough to conceal his disquiet in an instant, but his voice had lost some of its bullying ring.

"Maybe you think you know what you're talking about; I don't," he said.

"We'll come aboard and make it clear. We'd like those contracts back," said Todd.

Jaynes must have felt that he had a determined crowd to deal with, for he fell back from the rail without a protest. The boats crowded round the big schooner; the men made their hawsers fast to her rail and then trooped aboard for the conference.

That was ended almost as soon as it began. The suspicions of the oystermen made them disinclined to listen to any parleying. They wanted their contracts and they intended to have them. When Jaynes tried to speak, they cut him short with cries of, "What did you run away for?" and "We're up to your tricks!" They began to grow unruly, and several of them shook their fists in the agent's face. Jaynes, who had no more heart than most bullies have, lost his self-possession. He appealed to Mose and some of the calmer-tempered of the oystermen.

"If you'll come down into the cabin, I'll listen to what you've got to say!" he blustered.

"We must give him a show," said Mose; and after some muttering the crowd allowed several spokesmen to descend with Jaynes.

What was said below was partly audible to those on deck; they could at least follow the tone of the conversation. After some minutes the voices rose to a pitch that proved that Jaynes was still obstinate. Todd, who was one of those outside, stepped to the companion-way, and shouted down that it was time to stop shilly-shallying.

Wilfred and the Skipper hung back. The rest stormed into the cabin,—as many as could find room to flourish their arms there,—and the meeting grew at once uproarious. It seemed to Wilfred that it must end in a fight, but suddenly the noise died down. The men began to clatter up the companion-way steps, crowding about Mose, who held a packet of papers. Wilfred felt a sudden qualm.

"Did you say you'd give him a chance to draw up new contracts?" he asked Mose.

"No, no, we don't want any of his rotten papers!" "We got all we want of him!" said several rough voices.

"Will's right, boys," said the Skipper. "Give Jaynes a last chance to prove he's honest."

The oystermen noisily objected.

"Let the kid keep his mouth shut!" one of them cried.

There was a murmur of remonstrance, and Mose flared up.

"Who found out what kind of a company the Virginia Prime is?" he exclaimed. "Who worked all night to let you know? It was Will Sprague. And what's the reason you boys are here instead of a mile astern with no chance of overhauling her? Because he got aboard and cut the mainsheet, that's why. I reckon you can put what he says up to Jaynes and not lose by it. It ain't for Will's interest you should do it; ain't he told you he's in with the Tidewater Shipping?"

Laughter and remarks of, "That's so!" "He's the boy that did it!" greeted the speech.

"I'll take it on myself. Come up here, Jaynes," said Mose.

Pale and shaken, the big agent reluctantly stepped out of the cabin and looked about with shifty eyes. He reminded Wilfred of an ugly dog that had been thrashed; there was still a hint of menace in his submission.

"You've given up these contracts because you're a coward," said Mose, "but there's jest one chance for you to get new ones and show you're honest. If you say so, we'll go on to Norfolk—the whole bunch of us—and put these papers in a lawyer's hands. If he finds your firm's straight and everything's all right, I reckon we'll do business with you."

"I've just got this to say," replied Jaynes in a low voice. "You've taken those contracts from me by force; now you'd better get off this boat. You'll hear from me in a way you won't like when I get back to Norfolk."

Mose turned on his heel. "We'll be here if you want us," he said. "I reckon you know your company won't want to see us in Norfolk or anywheres else. Come on, boys."

Other boats had come up by this time and now joined the little fleet that, casting off from the big schooner, gathered about the *Rosabell*. Mose at once distributed the contracts to their signers. The oystermen were in high spirits. The Skipper drew Mose and Asa aside when the contracts had been handed out and whispered to them. The eyes of the Little brothers began to twinkle.

"Skipper, you'd make a fine business man yourself," said Mose, with a laugh.

"But ain't it the right thing to do? Don't we owe it to him?" persisted the old man.

"I reckon we do, and I'm game to tell the boys so, but you ought to get a commission."

He and Asa went round among the men, dropping whispers and sly nudges. Then he called Wilfred to him and clapped him on the back, and smilingly stood by him while the oystermen gave him a good sailor-like cheer.

"Maybe you'd have got down to business pretty soon yourself, Will," said Mose. "But we'll save you some trouble. We're much obliged to you for driving that sting ray out of the marshes before we-all got stung to pieces. Thanks is cheap; so we want to give something with more heft to it. Seeing you've got the prospect of a job with the Tidewater if you make good, we'll put our trade in your hands. Ain't that so, boys?"

Laughing, the crowd confirmed it.

"We know the Tidewater," resumed Mose. "A lot of us did business with it before that sting ray came with his rum and whiskey. Now he's gone, and good riddance. The Tidewater's all right, and we'll give it our trade if John Fortescue takes you back; but if he don't, then you can take our trade over to some other company. See? We know we ain't the only fleet round here by a long shot, but we're big enough so's no company will turn up its nose at us, I reckon."

Wilfred may have had a strong hope that the end of the Virginia Prime would result in swinging trade his way; but certainly he had expected nothing so sudden and so kindly as this. He blushed up to the rim of the incongruous hat, and the rough oystermen, seeing his confusion, liked him the better for it.

"We-all stand for what Mose says, don't we, boys?" said Noble.

The crowd gave an unqualified assent.

"'Tain't much, anyways," said Todd. "Not when you look at what he's done for us."

"He's smart and he's honest—and that's the best policy!" exclaimed the Skipper. "Now jest to prove you mean business, put your names down on a paper he can show his company. You give it a heading, Mose."

Mose tore a back sheet from one of the contracts. With knotted brows and a much-wetted stub of a pencil he wrote:

"The undersigned promise to let Will Sprague handle their trade because he got them out of a fix with the Virginia Prime Company and he's smart and honest."

The oystermen, twisting their tongues in their cheeks like a lot of primary schoolboys, affixed their names or marks. Wilfred tried to thank them, but they good-naturedly put an end to his efforts. Altogether it was the most agreeable moment of his life.

"There'll be other boys to come in on that list when they know about it," said Noble, as the meeting began to break up. "What you've done will hit 'em jest about right."

One by one the boats got under way, contemptuously indifferent to the bar boat and her silent crew.

"I don't reckon they'll bother us again," observed Mose, "but we'll keep an eye out—for Jed Cox, too. I've got his contract here, and I'll let him tear it up or mail it back to Norfolk, whichever suits him. It's my notion he knows more about that poaching than is healthy for him. Anyways we'll watch out to see if he's crooked or jest a fool."

"You'll want to get back to Norfolk yourself, Will?" asked the Skipper.

"Yes, I do," Wilfred answered. "I feel pretty proud and, well, you can guess what it means. There's not a dollar in this world coming to me unless I earn it myself."

"When you take back that list it'll be worth a lot of dollars, or I'm mistaken," said Mose. "We'll get some more names before you go."

Mose had used the first person plural advisedly. When he was interested he did not sit back and let the other fellow do the work. A lay-off of a day or two would do him good, he declared, and he threw himself heart and soul into the work of helping Wilfred.

Some of the oystermen, although friendly enough, preferred to deal with other companies, but a good many, influenced by Mose's backing and Wilfred's story, signed the list.

It was pleasant to find that no one had a word to say against the Tidewater. The Fortescues were thoroughly respected; only their conservatism in refusing to send a runner among the fleets had caused them to drop behind some of their more enterprising competitors. Wilfred hoped that hereafter it might be his duty to help them keep up with the times in that direction. The work suited him even better than he had expected.

"You'll be down to see us again before long," said Mose, as they parted at Francke's. "If you don't get a job with the Fortescues, you can find one at Shearwater; but I reckon when Mr. John's run boat begins to get our trade through you the old gentleman will hold on to you."

Wilfred shook hands warmly with the Littles and the Skipper. Short as his stay had been, he felt as if he were leaving old friends; but at the same time he was eager to reach Norfolk. He went as he had come—tramping back alone over the red-clay road to the desolate little station; but now his purpose was fulfilled and his spirits were high. The train carried an excited and happy young fellow to the steamboat shed at Cape Charles.

On the morning of the next day he called at the Tidewater office. He still wore the clothes he had worn at Shearwater, and the old doorkeeper did not at first recognize him.

"Good lan', Marse Will Sprague!" he exclaimed. "I done thought you was fired long time ago."

"So I was in a way, Uncle George," said Wilfred, laughing. "I've come back, though, and I want to see Mr. Fortescue."

The old negro looked askance at Will's wrinkled clothes and shook his white head dubiously as Wilfred walked into the office. Uncle George's disparaging surprise was amusing; but when McBride came tiptoeing up to the railing, Wilfred felt as if he were tasting real triumph. He thrust a note into the private secretary's hand.

"Kindly take that to Mr. Fortescue."

For the first time during his connection with the Tidewater, McBride seemed to be at a loss; but finally he shrugged his shoulders and tiptoed away. For ten minutes Wilfred waited, feeling himself the attraction of every eye in the room, as he had been on that day when the axe had fallen. Then McBride returned and led him to the sanctum.

When the Fortescues had heard his story and looked over the list, they laughed together gently and shook hands with him.

"Norman, I see only one thing to do," said Mr. John. "It's a case of self-defense."

"We must give him the position of agent, of course," conceded his brother, tapping the list. "This is a very convincing argument."

"'Because he's smart and honest,'" quoted Mr. John. "Yes, that is a good argument, and from what he has told us I see no reason to combat it. Come to us to-morrow, Mr. Sprague, and we shall be glad to settle our arrangements for the future."

After he had thanked them Wilfred lingered a moment. "Mr. Fortescue," he said, "I owe so much to Tom Redmond in this that I can't help speaking for him. Is there any chance of employing him if business improves?"

The Fortescues smiled at each other.

"That is a kindly thought," said Mr. John. "I can't make an absolute promise, but it is quite possible that Tom Redmond will have his old position if business improves."

He held out his hand again, and Wilfred, very well satisfied with the employer that fortune had given him, shook it respectfully.

THE END.

DRAWN BY CHASE EMERSON

MOSE SMILINGLY STOOD BY HIM WHILE THE OYSTERMEN GAVE HIM A GOOD SAILOR-LIKE CHEER.

## FACT AND COMMENT.

WHEN affliction shapes, even as it smites, it is a good blacksmith.

—

The Pup that runs to Everybody's call
Will Travel much, but won't Arrive at all.

—

BRAVE ambition is rare; wise ambition is rarer; ambition that is at once sane and courageous is rarest of all.

—

THE Mohave Desert may never become a pleasure resort, but it is losing its terrors for travelers. The United States government is spending $10,000 to mark the highway, to set up signs to the water holes and to protect the meagre water supply against pollution.

—

THE Yankee does not lose his gift for putting a truth pithily. A prosperous New England farmer, replying to a comment on the amount of money he was spending to put his son through college, said, "Yes, it does take a lot of money, but I'd rather leave my money *in* my boy than *to* him."

—

NOT so long ago, *The Companion* printed a brief article on palindromes—sentences that read the same whether read backward or forward. A subscriber writes to remind us that one of the most amusing of palindromes is that in which Adam is supposed to have introduced himself to Eve: "Madam, I'm Adam."

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THE wholesome, old-fashioned sentiment of "Silver Threads Among the Gold" has touched many millions of hearts; few songs have been more widely sung during the past generation. The author, Eben Eugene Rexford, who died in Wisconsin last month at the age of sixty-eight, wrote two volumes of verse and several books on flowers and gardening, but that one simple song is likely to be his best monument.

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OF the many changes in Germany caused by the great war one of the most striking is the change in the financial system and habits. More than any other great nation, Germany has clung to cash transactions and has used little paper money. Even the system of bank checks there is less than ten years old. Since the war began, bank checks and postal checks have come into general use, and recently, for the first time, the government has authorized the banks to issue certified checks.

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AGAIN the Dutch Parliament has taken up the problem of draining the Zuider Zee and forming a *polder* of 500,000 acres—more than twice the area of all the arable land that Holland has won from the sea in a contest that began centuries ago. The plan calls for a dam from North Holland to the Friesland coast, twenty-four miles, of which the island of Wieringen will serve for about five miles. The estimated cost of the work is $44,220,000. A few years ago a similar plan was under consideration, but the cost seemed too large.

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THE wire drag that the Coast and Geodetic Survey is now using along both the Atlantic and the Pacific coast reveals many dangerous places that formerly escaped attention until a disaster made them known. For example, an Alaska channel that is used by many deep-draft vessels going to and from the salmon canneries has an ample depth, according to the charts in use, but the wire drag has revealed a pinnacle rock that is almost bare at low tide, although the soundings round it show a depth of nearly three hundred feet.

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THOSE who read the recent article in *The Companion* on daylight saving will be interested in these words from the London *Spectator* written in farewell to "the national blessing known as 'summer time'": "It has not merely been a cause of much economy; it has brought the delightful long summer evenings into the spring. The act was only a temporary expedient. We desire to express now our agreement with the prevailing opinion that the act should be made permanent. The act, it is true, only does for us by a sort of official make-believe what we could have done for ourselves by reforming our habits. But man is a conservative and hesitating animal. The act has done for us what we should never have done for ourselves. Let us reënact it."

—

LOS ANGELES has three municipal playgrounds that are unique. One of them is the tomb of creatures that roamed the earth thousands or millions of years ago. It has yielded the bones of mastodons with tusks fourteen feet long, and those of hundreds of sabre-toothed tigers, extinct types of wolves and other prehistoric monsters. Another playground has a garden that contains 230 varieties of wild flowers. The third, 3017 acres of mountain land, has a "zoo" where deer, buffaloes, bears and other animals live in surroundings similar to those which they knew before they were captured.

## SHORT HARVESTS OF 1916.

USUALLY, the grain harvest of a given year in the United States is primarily important for its effect on the financial condition of the country itself. A large harvest brings prosperity to that great region where the crops are raised. Since the West has more products of its own to sell, it can buy more Eastern products. Such a harvest also increases the export trade of the country because, after the needs of home consumers have been met, there is plenty of grain to spare for nations that do not raise enough to feed themselves. An abundant harvest also gives business to the railways that carry the grain from the farms and bring back other things that farmers buy. For precisely similar reasons, a short harvest is usually reckoned as meaning decreased prosperity to the country.

The American grain harvest of 1916 has run very far short of hopes and expectations. Exactly what the effect will be on the country itself depends on some considerations peculiar to the present period; but there is no doubt that the shortage will have some striking results in foreign countries that buy our wheat—notably in the belligerent states of Europe.

As estimated by the government, our wheat crop of 1916 will be 607,500,000 bushels, which is 404,000,000 less than last year's "billion-bushel crop," 283,000,000 less than our crop of 1914, and in fact the smallest crop in a dozen years. All other grain crops have turned out smaller than last year's; but the shortage of wheat, the world's great foodstuff, surpasses all others in importance.

A great war always creates uneasiness over supplies of wheat. Countries that raise wheat may be on the other side of the conflict from countries that import it—just as wheat-importing England and wheat-exporting Hungary are enemies in this war. Moreover, great agricultural countries, even when friendly to a given belligerent, may be cut off by a blockade. The closing of the Dardanelles by Turkey has thus cut off Russia, which raises something like one fifth of the world's whole wheat crop. Then, too, there is always the possibility that hostile warships or submarines will capture or sink wheat-laden vessels.

When war broke out in 1914, the fear of a "wheat famine" in Europe was acute. Not only were Russia and the Danube states no longer a source from which England and France could obtain wheat, but in nearly all the rest of Europe, and in such great grain-raising states as Canada and Argentina, the harvest was the smallest in many years.

But there was no famine in 1914, because, in the face of the shortage elsewhere, the United States raised 128,000,000 bushels of wheat more than it had ever before raised in its history. In 1915, the second year of war, our harvest increased 120,000,000 bushels over 1914; therefore the whole world's crop of wheat was actually larger than in the three or four last years of peace.

The crop of the present season, however, has been unlucky, not only in the United States but elsewhere in the world. Although our own wheat harvest is 400,000,000 bushels less than it was last year, it is believed that the decrease in other producing countries amounts to 400,000,000 bushels more. English estimates of the probable yield throughout the world make the total much smaller even than that of 1914, and reduce it to a figure not matched since the very disappointing grain year of 1911. And even in 1911, Russia, now all but inaccessible, exported more than 200,000,000 bushels of wheat.

What all this may mean to Europe has been indicated by some very unusual actions of the British government. That government has taken charge of the whole wheat-importing business of Great Britain. It is believed to have bought up in advance a great part of the crops of Canada and Argentina, and to control nearly all the wheat left over from last season's harvest in Australia. That means that English statesmen are determined to prevent a shortage of food in England during the next nine months. It may mean that the government will control wheat prices. Nevertheless, the price of wheat in American markets has already gone to a figure that had not previously been reached in forty years, except in one month of 1898 and one of 1888. Corn has risen to the highest price that it has brought in twenty-four years, and flour is selling at a figure unknown since Civil War times.

Does this mean actual famine? Probably not; for the amount of wheat left over from the enormous crop of 1915, especially in this country, was very great, and such high prices as now prevail are sure to reveal supplies in places where no one had suspected their existence. But the season is nevertheless likely to be one of very dear bread, of striking expedients to regulate its use in Europe, and of high cost of living generally.

## THE LITTLE JOYS.

"WE are so rich, you and I, in our power of getting joy out of the little things that most people miss!"

The woman who wrote that was not shut away in some quiet backwater of life, bravely trying to find joy in everyday drudgery; she was a woman of science with a whole alphabet of degrees after her name; she had wealth and charm as well as unusual talents; she had lived as few people have the opportunity to live, and knew life as few people ever know it; and she counted her wealth, not by her fame or her money or her achievements, but by her power of finding joy in little things.

Readers of Lowell's Letters will remember many a similar assertion.

"Good heavens, of what uncostly material is our earthly happiness composed, if one only knew it! What incomes have we not had from a flower, and how unfailing are the dividends of the seasons!"

Knowledge is difficult for us to acquire. "I must live—*live!*" we cry, and by living we mean having excitement and varied experiences. But the life that depends upon those things sooner or later becomes bored and cynical, restless and miserable. It has no power of joy in itself. Left to its own resources it makes the terrifying discovery that it has no resources upon which to depend.

"There is no pleasure in life like that of rational conversation," a man of wide experience once declared. Yet conversation—even rational conversation, which seems to some of us not quite so common as it used to be—is to be had by most of us any day in the year if we really seek it.

Friends, home, nature, work—there are few lives indeed that do not hold some at least of these great common joys, each of which touches uncounted multitudes of "little joys." It is the eye and the heart that need training: it is not life that is dull, but we; not "joy that is cut off from the faces of men," but man who goes with unseeing eyes, never discovering the silent comrade beside him.

"After all, the kind of world one carries about in one's self is the important thing, and the world outside takes all its grace, color and value from that," Lowell writes again.

Here is a challenge worth our most splendid effort: to seek, not amusement, but growth; not entertainment, but mastery. To be bored by others is bad, to be bored by yourself is worse; to be rich in the ability to live in the "little joys," to discover the greatness of everyday opportunities—that is to become possessor of a wealth that no fortunes of earth can destroy.

## INTERNAL POLITICS OF GERMANY.

WHEN the war is over, we shall learn a great many interesting things that the censors of the various governments now think it best to conceal from us. Not the least interesting will be the story of the political struggles that have agitated the German Empire. The contest has not been between a war party and a peace party; like the French and the English, the Germans are convinced of the justice of their cause and determined to fight the war out to a conclusion. But there are two opinions about the way in which the war should be fought and about the ends at which the nation should aim. One opinion is held by Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg, the other by the former naval minister, Tirpitz; these two men are the conspicuous leaders about whom the political battle rages. As nearly as we can tell from the facts that are at our disposal, the situation is this:

The Chancellor, who is supported by the Moderates, the Centre, or Catholic party, and the Social Democrats, thinks of Russia as the real enemy of Germany, and would be willing to withdraw his troops from France and Belgium and even come to an understanding with England, if he could erect a permanent barrier against Russia and gain for Germany the control of the Balkans and Turkey. He believes that the destiny of Germany lies toward the East, that the war must be won there if it is to be won at all, and wishes to avoid a submarine warfare that would, as he believes, make more enemies for Germany, and render more implacable the nations with which he hopes after the war to live in amity.

Behind Tirpitz are the Prussian squirarchy and the National Liberals—the party of the industrial magnates of the Rhine Valley. These men remember Bismarck's policy of friendliness with Russia and suspicion of Oriental entanglements. They are not averse to German ambitions in Turkey, but they are not satisfied with them alone. They want to control the valuable coal and iron lands of Belgium and northeastern France; they are eager to wrest the supremacy of the sea from England, which is for them the enemy of enemies. They hold that Germany should make its chief military efforts in the west, and they advocate a submarine warfare without truce or scruple.

The issue has arisen because the Germans no longer believe that a complete victory is possible, and feel that they must choose which aim they shall still try to realize and which one they shall surrender. Hindenburg, we hear, supports Bethmann Hollweg. The Crown Prince and Falkenhayn are in sympathy with the other party. The Kaiser has hesitated between the two; but he stands to-day with his Chancellor. Tirpitz and Falkenhayn have both been superseded.

It is not to be supposed, however, that the *Junkers* and the National Liberals have accepted defeat. They are still trying to get control of the Reichstag by bringing the Catholic party over to their support, to convince the Emperor of the wisdom of their views, and to turn the Chancellor out of his office. They do not at present seem likely to succeed, but the war has brought many surprising changes, political as well as military. The course of events may yet shift the balance of power in Germany. If we ever read that Bethmann Hollweg has had to step down and that Tirpitz or Falkenhayn or some other of their party is in his place, we shall know what it means.

## THE STRUGGLE IN ROUMANIA.

THE course of events in Roumania offers another example of the military resourcefulness of the Germans and of the ill success and bad judgment that seem fated to attend Allied efforts in the Balkans. Roumania would hardly have entered the war after two years of cautious waiting if its leaders had not supposed that the Central Powers were too much occupied on other fronts to conduct a serious campaign on the Danube or in the Carpathians; and if they reasoned thus, it must have been because the agents of the Entente had convinced them of the truth of that view.

If they had realized how promptly and vigorously Mackensen would strike in the Dobruja, they would not have sent the greater part of their forces to invade Transylvania. If they had realized that Germany and Austria still had a sufficient strategic reserve to equip such an army as Falkenhayn's, they would have conducted that invasion with greater caution.

As it is, the German generals have outmanœuvred the Roumanians on both fronts. Mackensen, the most brilliant soldier that the Central Powers possess, has added to his reputation by defeating the army opposed to him in the Dobruja and by seizing the only railway crossing of the Danube below Belgrade. Falkenhayn has driven the Roumanians back across the Carpathians. The Allies at Saloniki, not yet strong enough in numbers and ammunition to force the Bulgarian lines, and impeded by an uneasy and insurgent Greece in their rear, have done little or nothing to relieve the strain. Russia alone is so situated as to support Roumania, and that support has so far proved insufficient.

The victories of the Germans will raise German prestige again in the East; and if the German leaders can find men enough to follow them up properly, they will put the Central European alliance in command of a

country that abounds in wheat and petroleum —two essentials of modern warfare. But it is at least doubtful whether a German reserve of the necessary size exists. If it does not, Roumania, although humbled by its unexpected defeats, cannot be overrun as Serbia was.

## CURRENT EVENTS

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.—The election of November 7th was the closest since the Blaine-Cleveland election of 1884. On Thursday morning the result was still in doubt, and depended on final returns from California, Minnesota, New Hampshire and North Dakota. Mr. Hughes carried the principal Eastern and Central States, except Ohio, but Mr. Wilson was unexpectedly strong west of the Mississippi. The House of Representatives is very evenly divided; one woman, Miss Rankin of Montana, appeared to have been elected to Congress. The Democrats retain the Senate by about ten votes. They lost two seats in Indiana and one each in New York, New Jersey and West Virginia, but gained seats in Utah, Rhode Island, Delaware and perhaps Wyoming. Michigan, Nebraska, Montana and South Dakota voted for prohibition. South Dakota voted for woman suffrage.

LABOR TROUBLES.—On November 3d the New York police arrested six men, five of whom were striking employees of the elevated or subway lines in that city, on the charge of being implicated in the attempt to blow up the subway station at Lenox Avenue and 110th Street. Four of the men are officers of Local 731 of the carmen's union. —On November 5th the steamer *Verona*, carrying two hundred and fifty members of the organization known as the Industrial Workers of the World, left Seattle for Everett, Washington. As a result of disorders that accompanied a recent strike in Everett, the sheriff of Snohomish County, supported by a committee of citizens, had expelled all the members of the I. W. W. from that city. This expedition, according to its leaders, was organized to "reëstablish the right of free speech in Everett." When the boat arrived at Everett, Sheriff McCrae and an armed posse met it, and forbade the party to land. The men on the boat opened fire, and the posse on the dock promptly replied. Two men were killed and twenty wounded on the shore and five were killed and twenty wounded on the steamer. The militia of the state was ordered out, and a number of the leaders of the I. W. W. were put under arrest.

THE *MARINA* AFFAIR.—Pending a careful investigation, the United States government took no action on the sinking of the steamships *Marina* and *Rowanmore* by German submarines. Secretary Lansing, however, declared that this government understood that the German pledges not to sink merchant ships without proper provision for the safety of persons on board applied to merchantmen "armed for defense" as well as to unarmed vessels.

MEXICO.—According to reports from the interior of Mexico, Villista troops have taken Santa Rosalia, Parral and Jiminez, all in the State of Chihuahua. It was also reported that the bandits had killed an American physician named Fisher, who lived at Santa Rosalia, besides several other foreigners who were found in the town. Mr. Arredondo, Carranza's representative at Washington, declared that a force of nine thousand men had been collected near Jiminez to move against this band, but there was no news of any activity on its part.

CUBA.—Later returns from the presidential election indicated that President Menocal was reëlected, although the Liberals, who had claimed the election of Doctor Zayas, were not willing to admit Menocal's success.

PRESIDENT MENOCAL

POLAND.—On November 5th the German and Austrian military authorities in Warsaw and Lublin proclaimed the reconstitution of the kingdom of Poland. The proclamation did not declare what arrangements were to be made for the establishment of a hereditary monarchy, but the opinion prevailed that one of the German Emperor's sons would be named. The manifesto promised a constitutional form of government and a national army,—which the Allied monarchs expect will be added to the forces of the Central Powers,—but it did not precisely outline the frontiers of the new nation, though it will consist only of those provinces of Russian Poland now under occupation by the Germans or Austrians; neither Prussia nor Austria will return the provinces of Poland that they took when the ancient kingdom was divided, though Austria has promised to give Galicia wider powers of self-government not unlike those enjoyed by Hungary.

## THE EUROPEAN WAR

*(From November 2d to November 8th.)*

The Austro-German offensives, which only the week before threatened to squeeze Roumania out of the war, came to something like a standstill. We heard no more of Mackensen's clearing the Dobruja of enemy troops, and on November 6th word came from Bucharest that the Russo-Roumanians had turned on their pursuers, and by determined attacks on their left wing, along the river Danube, had obliged them to give ground. General Sakharoff, who has been one of the commanders of the Russian armies in Galicia, has been chosen to face Mackensen, and is already in command in the Dobruja.

In the Carpathians the advance of the Austro-German troops was everywhere checked until toward the end of the week, when, according to admissions from Bucharest and Petrograd, reinforcements reached Falkenhayn's front and drove the Roumanians back, south of the Predeal and Red Tower passes. It begins to seem very doubtful whether the Germans can assemble enough men to eliminate Roumania from the war, as they hoped to do.

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GENERAL SAKHAROFF

The Italians have begun another vigorous offensive on the Carso plateau, and during the week they advanced nearly a mile in the direction of Trieste, and took about ten thousand Austrian prisoners. General Cadorna is now within fifteen miles of Trieste, but there are defensive positions of great strength in front of him. It is probable that the successes he gained during the week were partly owing to the weakening of the Austrian lines in order to send more men into the Roumanian campaign. At the end of the week the Austrians were making counter-attacks, but without marked success.

There was constant fighting here and there along the line in Galicia and Volhynia, but that campaign is now secondary to the struggle in Roumania.

The French won back still more ground at Verdun. They had virtually surrounded the fort of Vaux, and on November 2d the Germans evacuated it. General Nivelle continued to push ahead, and on November 5th took the villages of Vaux and Damloup. The line east of the Meuse is now where it was on February 24th, three days after the Crown Prince's great offensive began.

Along the Somme the French took the village of Sailly-Saillisel and advanced their line near Chaulnes. The British captured part of Warlencourt Hill. The Germans, in determined counter-attacks, retook part of the ground lost to the British. The Allied attacks persist along this front, although Berlin, in view of the small gains that are reported, takes the view that the offensive has exhausted itself. Winter weather, cold and wet, has begun, and increases the difficulty of all operations.

A body of Greek revolutionists, moving southward from Saloniki, drove the garrison out of Katerina, which is on the shore of the Gulf of Saloniki and about forty miles north of Larissa, an important military base. King Constantine has ordered the regular troops to prevent the advance of the revolutionists at all costs. They will find it difficult to do so unless the Allied authorities, who control the railways in northern Greece, coöperate with them.

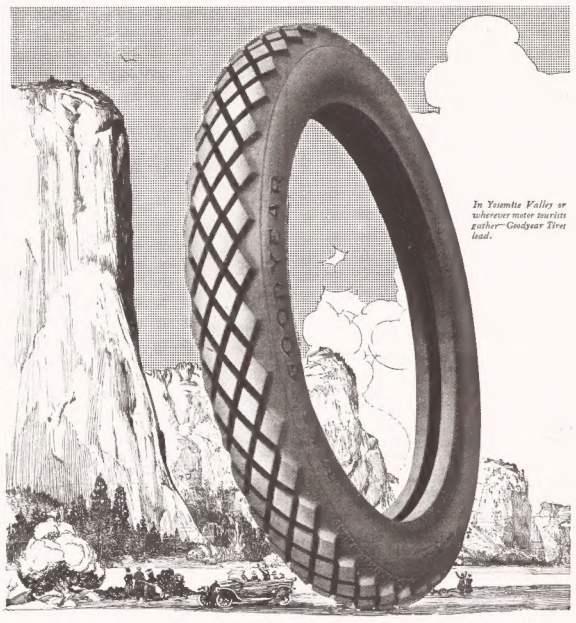
The German colony of East Africa is now almost wholly occupied by the British forces under General Smuts. A German column under Col. von Lettow-Vorbach is still uncaptured, but it has been driven down into the southeastern corner of the colony, and is not strong enough to offer prolonged resistance.

An official report issued from Berlin declared that a British ship flying the United States flag fired on and sunk the submarine *U-41* in September, 1915. That case, if it can be substantiated, will be used, together with the *Baralong* case, to support the German contention that armed merchantmen must in all cases be treated as auxiliary warships.

Ten or a dozen ships were sunk by German submarines during the week; half of them were Norwegian. The British government notified the Mexican government that German submarines were said to be in the Gulf of Mexico, and warned it against permitting aid to be given to the underwater craft. The submarines, if they are really in the gulf, are probably trying to destroy the British oil ships coming from Tampico.

A British submarine reported that it had torpedoed two German battleships off the Danish coast, but did not assert that the ships were sunk. A German or Austrian submarine torpedoed the passenger liner *Arabia* in the Mediterranean without warning, according to a report from London. The passengers, 437 in number, and all except two of the crew were saved.

Our State Department, it is said, has suggested to France that the title of the "American Aviation Corps" of the French army be changed, since the name is not compatible with American neutrality.

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# Judge Tires Best by the Intention and Ability of the Maker

Sight and touch are not final when you are judging tires. You cannot buy them as you do clothes.

A casing that will give way in a day's journey may *look* better than one that will run 10,000 miles.

A tire is good only as the manufacturer *means* to make it good and has the *resources* to do it.

So the *intention* and *ability* of the maker form the best basis for judging tires.

And the intention and ability of the maker are proved best by the combined judgment of tire users—for public favor finally is bestowed in exact proportion to value received.

So when you know that *one out of every three* new cars comes from the factory on Goodyear Tires—and that no other brand has so great a demand as this—you have the most important fact that can help you in selecting tires for *your* car.

* * *

Goodyear intention to make the best tires has been expressed in a continuous revolution of tire design and manufacturing methods. The Goodyear tire-making machines, the Goodyear fabric mill, the All-Weather Tread, the No-Hook Bead with its braided piano wire base, the On-Air Cure and other features—all are part of this continuous revolution. Each feature has corrected a recognized tire weakness and some of the most important features are *exclusively* Goodyear, kept so by patents or by high manufacturing costs which other makers refuse to pay.

*Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.*

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

# FOR INSIGHT

By Charles Poole Cleaves

LORD, as I thread the ways of life
Amid confusion, toil and strife,
The sting of ill, the mystery
Of hearts concealed beneath the eye:
Help me to know the kindness meant,
The purpose born of good intent;
To feel amid distrust and fear
The faith of loyal souls sincere,
Whose grace, though oft I knew it not,
My sins discerned, forgave, forgot.

Give me the patient skill to guess
What words have perished to express;
To realize how a heart is wrung
In anguish hidden by the tongue;
To feel the cheer of prayers unheard,
The gentle wish that hath no word,
The sympathy too deep for sound;
And know in truth that these abound
For him who will his duty do
And to his fellow man be true.

## A SIX-MILE SERMON.

THE county Sunday-school convention had reached "Reports of the Superintendents"; one after another the superintendents stood up to give an account of their work. It had evidently been a good year for the schools represented, and the reports were heartily applauded.

At last came the final report. It was not only last on the list, but seemed last in point of importance as the chairman called the name. It was a backwoods district where life seemed to be like a landlocked stagnant bay, left behind and almost forgotten by the outer world. A little woman in gray responded when the name of the school was called.

"I'm afraid, friends," she said, "I haven't much to report of my school except failure. Every Sunday in the year I have walked the three miles from my home to the school, rain or shine, snow or mud. Sometimes I found ten scholars there, sometimes one, sometimes, I'm sorry to say, none. I often wonder whether I have done any good or not, but I'll keep it up another year."

When she sat down the chairman spoke. "You may not have achieved what you hoped in the matter of numbers," he said, turning to her, "but one thing at least you have done, and that is, you have preached a sermon six miles long every Sunday in the year. The people who have seen you trudge faithfully three miles to your place of duty and three miles back have marked your faithfulness, and it will bear fruit."

That was five years ago. The little woman did keep on; and now there is a church in the little village, and the other day came news of a spiritual awakening that is sweeping the community. It is all because a faithful woman preached a sermon six miles long every Sunday, although she never stood in a pulpit or saw the congregation to which she preached.

## READY MADE.

THERE was a gate in the hedge—a beautiful wrought-iron gate. The girl slut it with a bang as she passed through. She went straight across the road to the small brown bungalow that she had named Comfort Corner. Her cheeks were hot and her eyes full of smouldering anger.

"I'll *never* try to explain anything to Aunt Helena again!" she exclaimed.

The gray-haired woman who was the heart of Comfort Corner waited silently. There are many kinds of silence; this one held understanding and sympathy and a deep wisdom; great affection, too, and a bit of humor that was wholly tender. The girl pulled off her hat and leaned against a pillar of the piazza; gradually the tenseness about her mouth softened and her whole figure relaxed.

"How do you do it?" she asked with a whimsical smile. "I feel cooled off and smoothed down already, and you haven't said a word."

"It doesn't need words," her friend answered.

"Yes, it does—on my side. The smoothing-down process isn't permanent; it hasn't penetrated any distance; the moment I pass through your hedge I shall be all prickles again."

"Suppose you tell me," Miss Percival suggested.

The girl paid no attention to the suggestion for several minutes; then suddenly she burst out:

"It's all very well to buy ready-made clothes, and furnish your house according to ready-made designs, and buy ready-made opinions on music and literature and art in the most exclusive clubs, but no one—no one—has any right to ready-made opinions about other persons. It's—it's treating you like a criminal, Miss Percival. I knew, of course, Aunt Helena never could fully understand about that meeting I went to with Stanley Clark, but she wouldn't let me explain one single fact. She had just made up her mind beforehand, and when I tried to point out that her ready-made mind didn't fit me, she simply—closed her eyes. I have my opinion of people—who do that way about things!"

"Ready-made?" Miss Percival interrupted with a smile that robbed it of any sting.

The girl turned a startled face to her.

"I wonder!" she said.

## "YOU 'FRAID FOR SCARE?"

IN building bridges the workmen have to go into many places so dangerous that the average man would shun them as he would the plague. In erecting one concrete bridge for a Western railway, the top of which rose seventy-five feet above the water, the men worked on flimsy scaffolds that were sometimes less than a foot wide. The head men, the foremen, the engineers and the time- and storekeepers were Americans; the rest of the men were Greeks or Slavs; "bohunks" and "wops," in the bridge-builders' slang.

Out over the form that had been built halfway across the river the ends of a layer of planks projected, waiting for the new section of the form to rise and receive the overhanging ends. Standing on this part of the form was a young foreman of carpenters; his eyes were on the men who were putting the last touches to the section and preparing to start the extension of the arch.

Down below, the river dimpled and rippled as it rolled along, as if it were laughing to think of what might happen. On the outer end of one plank lay a hand axe that one of the workmen had inadvertently left there. Now the man wanted his axe and growled because it was not at hand. No one knew where it was except a helper who was carrying planks.

The helper started for the axe, and the foreman turned to see why he was walking out on the arch. As soon as he saw that the man was going out beyond the bearing he called out sharply, "Don't go out there! Come back here! It isn't safe!"

The helper stopped to grin at the foreman in derision, and the young man repeated his order.

"You 'fraid for scare?" asked the man. "Me no 'fraid for scare. You see!"

He turned and ran rapidly out on the planks while the foreman sprang for the inner end of the one his feet were on, meaning to throw his weight upon it and cling to the form below so as to prevent the plank from tipping; but he was too far away to reach it in time. The inner end of the plank flew up, the outer end went down and the axe slid off into the air, followed closely by the "bohunk" and the plank. Down through seventy-five feet of clear California air they slid; the *chuck!* of the axe in the water was followed instantly by a plunging splash as plank and man entered it, neck and neck.

A little later a round, black head appeared, and the swimmer made his way to the shore with vigorous strokes. He clambered up the ladders to the top of the bridge and found the foreman. With a broad grin on his face he stopped and pulled his forelock in a clumsy bow.

"You please, Meester Foreman, I 'fraid for scare now."

Then turning to the carpenter who owned the axe, he said, with a shrug of his shoulders and another grin wider than the first, "De axe he run too fas' for me. He cut water when I more as ten feet up yet."

## CURING THE LEPER.

AMONG these islands, says the author of "Rt. Hon. R. J. Seddon's Visit to the South Sea Islands," you hear startling stories of old days, and sometimes of times not very long ago. Not only was the reign of law subject to interpretation by men of different race, by native rulers and by eccentric persons who disclaimed any nationality, but whatever power of keeping order was in being for many one place scarcely existed "outside the reef." In the South Seas, one island does not know—and probably does not care—what is going on in the next. The law of the strongest had full sway, sometimes with shocking and sometimes with ludicrous results.

Some fifteen years ago a leper Chinaman wished to go from Atiu—one of the Cook Islands—to Rarotonga in the schooner *Atlantic*. They would not take him as a passenger, and supposed that he had given up the idea of going. But when the vessel's hatches were opened at Rarotonga, the leper crawled out from among the copra exclaiming, "Too muchee lungly!" He remained at Rarotonga some time, when one of his countrymen, who did not like the idea of leprosy on the island, decided that it would be well for the community if his compatriot should disappear. He therefore enlisted the services of two Rarotonga natives, and after treating them generously to intoxicants expounded to them the curious fact that in China they cured lepers by burying the afflicted person alive.

The Rarotongans were equal to the occasion. They immediately proceeded to the house of the sick man, put him into a corn sack and carried him off. At first the poor wretch thought it only a joke, and laughed immoderately at the trouble they were taking to carry him about. But when they dug a deep hole and placed him in it, he shrieked for mercy—all in vain. He was buried, and it was some time before the affair leaked out. The native officials held an inquiry, but it only resulted in a verdict of "justifiable homicide"; for the opinion was that the man could not have lived long anyway, and that putting him out of the way made it certain that others would not suffer and die from the same terrible disease. The occurrence has had one notable effect: the Chinese are not numerous in the Cook group.

## SHE WANTED HER ROMANCE AUTHENTIC.

THREE stout mountain wagons laden with tourists toiled up the tortuous, rocky trails of a remote section of the Ozarks in which a popular author had found local color for a "best seller." A large woman, whose severe chin and militant manner indicated a determined character, sat on the front seat of the first wagon beside "Big Budd," the driver. On the two back seats were her husband and three grown daughters. The guide, a young woman in a "cowgirl" riding habit, trotted beside the wagons on a tough little pony, explaining shrilly the relation between local landmarks and the incidents of the novel.

Impatient of the delay caused by parleys between the guide and his determined passenger, Big Budd undertook to answer questions himself. He cared more for horseflesh than for romance, and he was eager to finish the hardest part of the journey before the noonday heat. He urged his horses ahead, and soon his wagon was lost to sight round a curve.

Two hours later the cowgirl guide and her convoy of tourists found Big Budd. His horses were tethered to a near-by tree, and he was standing in the glare of the mid-August sun; his passengers flocked about him chattering like angry magpies. The large woman pointed reproachfully to an abandoned cabin.

"I want to know," she demanded as the cowgirl guide came riding up, "if that is the cabin where the book says that bad Wash Gibbs used to live?"

"Why, of course not!" exclaimed the girl. "The heroine, Sammy Lane, lived here. You passed the Wash Gibbs cabin a mile back."

"Hear that now! And is this the trail—the old trail where the Bald Knobbers—"

"No," the guide shook her head, "the old trail is two miles back!"

"And the first shanty we came to—was that the Old Matthews Place in the novel?"

"The Old Matthews Place is a mile ahead. Budd's been telling you wrong. He never read the book, anyhow."

"I knew it, I knew it!" The determined woman nodded grimly. "For four miles we've been doin' our lookin' all wrong. We've looked at the Sammy Lane cabin wrong, and we've seen the old trail wrong, and the hills where the Bald Knobbers met—and everything! And we've paid three dollars apiece for this trip. You can just turn right round," she shook her umbrella menacingly at Big Budd, "and go straight back. We're goin' to do our lookin' all over again."

## TO BE EXACT.

*Officer*—Don't you know better than to point an empty gun at me?
*Startled Recruit*—But it—it's not empty, sir. It's loaded. —Hutton Mitchell in *Windsor Magazine*.

## THE BATTLE IN THE FOG.

OF all the great naval battles of history, surely none was ever more shrouded in fog both actual and figurative than the recent Jutland sea fight—veiled in smoke and fog at sea and obscured ever since in a smother of contradictory and contested claims. Only gradually the truth emerges; doubtless the whole truth of the greater issues of loss and victory will not be known until the war is over. But scene by scene, picture by picture, lurid flash by flash, we are getting glimpses of the battle—terrible, tragic, splendid glimpses of destruction, death and deathless valor. None are more vivid than those given by the New York *Tribune* from the letters of a young British officer, written home the next day to his family.

"Somehow, I never thought of a general action in a thick mist where you could not see half your own fleet, let alone the enemy's," he wrote; "but so it was, and vast forms loomed up out of the mist, firing like Billy-o at other ships that were perfectly invisible.

"I saw the *Invincible*—my old *Invincible*—blow up like the *Bulwark*, right alongside us, hardly a mile off, a great crimson mass of flame a hundred feet high and perhaps two hundred broad, that went up leisurely, contemptuously, with an awful, majestic dignity, to a good four hundred feet; at its very top an immense bulk of ship's plating, and many lesser bits. Then the deep red faded out, and there remained only a black pall below, merging in the general pall that the smoke of all the ships running at full speed was creating; above, a new billowy cloud was added to the others in the sky, only to be distinguished from them by its greater height.

"Eighteen minutes later the pall cleared sufficiently to enable me to see her bows sticking up above water at an angle, with the red bottom above the gray side; her stern stuck up at an equal angle, with the red uppermost. There she stayed, the British fleet passing by on either side, going into action. . . . No one stopped firing when the *Invincible* blew up, as they did at the battle of the Nile when *L'Orient* did the same; we moderns have got beyond all these courtesies. Nor did we notice the noise of the explosion, which seems to suggest that there were a great many other strange noises—which indeed was the case."

The *Invincible* was not the only great vessel whose destruction he witnessed; there were others; but, impressive as he found the spectacle, there was another sight that impressed him quite as deeply, and moved him more.

"As those were the essence of shattered matter, so this was the essence of triumphant spirit: a little British destroyer, with her midships rent by a great shell meant for a battle cruiser, exuding steam from every port, able to go ahead, but not to steer, came down diagonally across our line (which was rather congested just there). She was unable to get out of anyone's way; likely to be run over by any one of a dozen ships; her siren was whimpering, 'Let me through! Make way!' her crew had fallen in aft, dressed in life belts, ready for the final plunge, and was cheering wildly, as an enthusiastic crowd might cheer when the King passes. Perfectly magnificent! Thank God, I am an Englishman!

"You will be glad to hear that she is now, after all, safe in port. The *Invincible* had just blown up, the *Queen Mary* ten minutes earlier. She had just been winged, and that was her reply—spontaneous cheering from her crew. . . .

"We don't talk about our 'morale,' but if you are thinking at all about such a thing you may well remember that little shattered destroyer, her head held high, her vitals hanging out, and cheering as she came."

The great conflict was closed by the enemy's signal to retire, which chanced to be, the young officer records appreciatively, "a really lovely star shell. After all the furious, deep-red displays of pyrotechnics we had been treated to for over three hours, this gentle, cool, pure, white, silent star of Bethlehem was like the Spirit of Peace coming to brood over us."

## HE WAS THE EXCEPTION.

"THE talkative barbers aren't all in the funny papers," mused Uncle Asa Plunkett; "in real life you come up with them once in a while. Last week I rode into Lancaster with Si Howell to look at a second-hand reaper I'd seen advertised, and I thought I might as well get my hair cut while I was there. To tell the truth I was sort of tired and cross. In the first place, I was late for my appointment on account of Si's car being—well, you know, the kind that don't have to slow up a mile when it comes to the speed-limit signs on the edge of town. Then the reaper turned out to be no good, in spite of all the advertising. So, take it all together, I didn't feel like conversing when I sat down in the chair.

"But the barber, he was one of those chirpy, well-informed young sprigs, and he started right in to be entertaining. I let him settle the war and the Mexican situation and the next President without paying any attention. Pretty soon he began to remark about my having such a growth of hair in my ears, and said that in his experience he had noticed that that indicated very acute hearing. I didn't peep.

"'I presume,' says he with an inquiring smile, 'that your hearing is very acute?' I smiled back, responsive, but sort of blank, and says I mildly:

"'What was it you said?'

"'Why, according to my theory, such a growth of hair in the ear means unusually acute hearing. I suppose, sir, that you have a very quick ear?'

"I began to look real interested then, and, winking in the glass at a couple of waiting victims, I says:

"'Eh? How's that?'

"'Oh, go to thunder!' says the barber; and after that I could have taken a nap, it was so nice and quiet!"

## A BLUNT OLD NOBLEMAN.

THE fourth Earl of Albemarle, William Charles Keppel, was an English gentleman of the proverbial type. With the æsthetic and less practical side of life, says Mrs. A. M. W. Stirling in "A Painter of Dreams," he had little sympathy.

He had a profound horror of all affectation. On one occasion he was seated at dinner next a young lady who languidly complained that she could not eat anything. Instead of the polite commiseration that she expected, Lord Albemarle responded drily, "What a pity you are such a slave to your appetite!"

An acknowledged *bon vivant*, he had certain rules in regard to his own meals that he never relaxed. For instance, when any dish of recognized excellence was about to appear, he permitted his guests to take no avoidable exercise, lest fatigue should impair the delicacy of their taste. One day when Lord Albemarle proposed to Lord Sydney that they should go out shooting, the latter observed solemnly, "You forget, Albemarle, that there's a haunch for dinner."

"Ah!" exclaimed Lord Albemarle. "I forgot. We certainly won't go!"

Another rule was equally irrevocable. He would never allow a partridge to be carved. A whole bird, was served to each guest. "Eat what you can and leave the rest" was the rule.

In after life his youngest daughter, Lady Caroline, used to relate that one of the chief amusements of herself and her little brother during the years that followed her mother's death was to sit in their father's room while he dressed for dinner and watch him twisting his voluminous cambric stocks round and round his throat. The fascination consisted in the fact that stock after stock would be impatiently unrolled again from his neck and discarded, to form part of a heap upon the floor; the heap sometimes grew to be a yard in height! During the process Lord Albemarle conversed with his children; but so absorbed was he in the correct adjustment of his white neckcloths that when Caroline and Fred left the bedclothes before they came into the room he never discovered the transformation. Were it possible to compute the number of stocks thus disposed of in the course of twelve months, the calculation would be of interest, in view of the fact that the Quidenham washing was sent once a year to Holland—a custom that was continued until a fairly recent date!

## PROFITABLE GLEANING.

ACCORDING to the Kansas City *Star*, the wheat farmers of Kansas are too prosperous to trouble themselves about the few hundred bushels, more or less, that may be wasted in harvesting the grain. They do not cut the fields clean. That affords opportunity for outsiders to profit. The *Star* says that a gleaner, eighty years old, after the wheat harvest in Pawnee County last year, went over the wheat fields with a wagon, a rake, a brush and a shovel and swept up the wheat left on the ground by the threshers.

He gathered nine hundred bushels in forty days, sold the wheat at one dollar a bushel, and went south to spend the winter in Texas. He was back in Pawnee County last summer, gleaning the grain that the rich wheat farmers spill and do not bother to gather up.

## NO SENTIMENT FOR JACK.

NOT everyone is imbued with sentiment, as this story teaches: Mr. Fred Jane, the writer on naval subjects, used to tell of an old gentleman, an enthusiastic member of the Navy League, who visited Portsmouth and looked at Nelson's *Victory* lying in the harbor. A blue-jacket passed. The old gentleman seized him and pointed to the *Victory*.

"D'you know what that ship means, my man?" he exclaimed.

"Rather," replied the bluejacket. "It's the old tub they hoist courts-martial in!"

## A WORD TO THE WISE.

A LAWYER of San Francisco tells of a man who had been duly convicted of theft. When the court, before passing sentence, inquired into his "previous convictions," it appeared that he had actually been in prison at the time the theft was committed.

"Why didn't you say so?" angrily demanded the judge of the prisoner.

"Your Honor," said the man, "I was afraid it might prejudice the jury against me."

### *Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.*

1.

GOOD
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ROOD
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MOOR
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MOOT
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O
LOOP
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O
ROOF
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LOOM
O
O
NOON

*Missing Fish Puzzle*: 1, Steel; 2, shadow; 3, spike; 4, shake; 5, coddle; 6, garden.

2. 1. Braintree. II. Elbows.
3. Hay rack—hayrack.
4. Solan goose; gannet fowl.
5. Scalp, color, alone, longs, press.

# THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

DRAWN BY NANA FRENCH BICKFORD

"WE POPPED CORN AND TOASTED APPLES AND TOLD STORIES IN FRONT OF THE GREAT FIREPLACE."

## A Thanksgiving of Long Ago.

*By MARION HALLOWELL.*

"DID they have Thanksgiving Day when you were a little girl? And was it like the Thanksgiving Day that we have now?" asked Natalie of Grandma Bronson one day in late November.

"Oh, Thanksgiving Day is a lot older than I am!" said Grandma Bronson, laughing. "They had it a hundred years before I was born—yes, even more than two hundred years before I was born. The Pilgrims began the custom when they set apart a day of thanksgiving for the bountiful harvest after the hardships of their first year on the New England shore. In fact, they set apart several days, and the Indians came from far and near to join in the celebration. They had turkey, too, for that first Thanksgiving feast, though it was wild turkey, and many other good things to eat; and they played games, and —"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Natalie eagerly. "Teacher told us about the Thanksgiving that the Pilgrims had, but I want to know about Thanksgiving Day when you were a girl."

"Thanksgiving Day when I was a girl?" repeated Grandma Bronson slowly. "Why, it was one of the great days of the year for us, and there were fewer great days then than there are now. Life was simple and quiet for us, with lots of hard work for the children as well as for the grown-ups, and few of the good things and good times that you have."

"But about Thanksgiving Day," insisted Natalie.

"There is one Thanksgiving Day that I remember well," said Grandma Bronson. "I was about your age, perhaps a year older. We were going over to Uncle Hiram's for dinner that day—father, mother, my brother, Anson, and myself. Uncle Hiram lived in another town, beyond Spruce Mountain, six or seven miles away. It was a treat at any time to go over to see our cousins, Miles, Miranda and Isabelle, and our Thanksgiving together was to be the great day of the year for all of us.

"We looked ahead to that day for weeks, and how badly we felt when we woke up Thanksgiving morning and found a snowstorm raging. It seems to me that winter used to begin earlier then than it does now and that we had more snow. Anyway, that Thanksgiving-Day storm was one to remember.

"At breakfast time father said that the storm was growing worse and that it would hardly do to start out for Uncle Hiram's; but Anson and I teased so hard that he went out to the barn about the middle of the forenoon and harnessed old Dolly into the pung.

"Once started, old Dolly could go no faster than a slow walk through the snow, and we were not more than a mile on our way before father said that he was sorry we had left home. The storm grew worse and the wind, which cut like a whiplash, was drifting the road badly in places; but Anson and I, sitting in the straw in the back part of the pung, were well protected from the wind and thought it was all fine sport. The only thing that worried us was the fear that we should be so late that they would not keep the dinner waiting for us.

"We were on the road through the woods over Spruce Mountain, with about two miles more to go, when old Dolly, struggling bravely to pull the pung through the snow, broke the harness.

"Father could not mend it with anything at hand, and so he had to leave us there, huddled in the pung in the shelter of a big pine, while he tramped on through the storm to Uncle Hiram's for help. By that time it was beginning to seem like a pretty serious matter to us. The thick branches of the pine kept off the fury of the storm, but the snow, driving on before the wind, became thicker and thicker, and father was scarcely out of sight before the tracks behind us were wholly covered. We began to wonder whether we might not have to stay there all night, or whether father would be able to get to Uncle Hiram's.

"How long it seemed before father came back! With him was Uncle Hiram, driving a span of horses hitched to a big sled. They quickly mended the broken harness, and the sled made a good track for us to follow to Uncle Hiram's house. By the time we started again it was so late in the afternoon of the short November day that it was fast growing dark, and the lamps were lighted when we finally drove up to the door, where Miles, Miranda and Isabelle came shouting out to welcome us.

"How cold and hungry we were! You may be sure there was enough left to eat. They had not expected to see us, on account of the storm, and had eaten hours before; but there was at least half of the turkey left, and there were chicken pie, plum pudding, mince pie and other things, enough for us and a dozen more. Of all the Thanksgivings I have known there was never one when the dinner tasted so good as that one did.

"And then the evening, after we had helped to wash and put away the dishes! Of course we could not think of going home that night. The hired man at home would attend to the chores; so father and mother had nothing to worry about. We young people popped corn and toasted apples and told stories in front of the great fireplace. The storm howled outside, and that made the story of our ride over the mountain, as Anson and I told and retold it, seem more like a real adventure."

## Thanksgiving Morn.

*By NANCY BYRD TURNER.*

NOW, HOLIDAYS ARE JOLLY DAYS,
AND FULL OF FUN, AND PRANKFUL:
BUT ON THIS DAY WE GO TO CHURCH
MOST QUIET AND MOST THANKFUL.

I FOLD MY FIDGET-FINGERS TIGHT,
I LIFT MY VOICE AND SING
GLAD THANKS FOR LIFE AND LOVE
AND LIGHT
AND EVERY HAPPY THING!

## On to Grandpa's.

*By FRANK E. GRAEFF.*

MOTHER had been talking for several weeks of going to grandpa's for Thanksgiving, and now at last, with the trunks packed and at the station, and with Helen and Gertrude and Baby Weldon by her side in a tiny room on the through express, they were on their way.

Helen and Gertrude had often ridden on the cars before, but then they had simply sat in straight-backed seats and rode for a little distance; but here they had a beautiful stateroom all to themselves, and because there was Baby Weldon papa had arranged to have a berth made up all the time so that mamma could lay him down whenever he wanted to sleep.

At first Helen and Gertrude watched the cows that lazily looked at the train as it went by, or scampered away across the fields when the whistle of the engine startled them. But soon they both grew hungry and tired. Then mother said, "Let us have a little party."

In a few minutes she had a little table set up at one side of the stateroom, with napkins on it, and sandwiches and cake and fruit, and they had a very jolly party all by themselves.

But their eyes grew heavy at last, and after the porter had made another bed mamma tucked Helen and Gertrude safely in for the night, and the motion of the train rocked them to sleep; when they awoke it was morning.

"Is this grandpa's?" asked Helen, as the train stopped in a big city.

"Oh, no!" said mother. "We shall not get to grandpa's until seven o'clock to-night."

"Can't we make some rings and bracelets and baskets?" asked Helen.

"I forgot the beads," said mamma, "but there is something else that I didn't forget!"

Then from the big traveling bag she took a bundle of white paper and a bundle of brown crinkly paper and a box of water-color paints, a little tube of mucilage, some red and some dark-green sealing wax, some copper wire, a pair of pincers, and last of all two or three handfuls of big, fat English walnuts.

"Oh, what are we going to do?" cried both of the little girls at once.

"I think," said mamma, "that we can make a lot of little turkeys for the Thanksgiving dinner, so that everyone at the table can have a whole one. I will make the first one."

First she twisted three strands of the wire together like a rope and cut off pieces just long enough for the turkey's legs. With a bit of the dark-green sealing wax, melted on the steam pipe, she fastened the legs to the under side of one of the walnuts. When the sealing wax was dry, she spread the end of the wires apart to make three toes, so that the turkey would stand up.

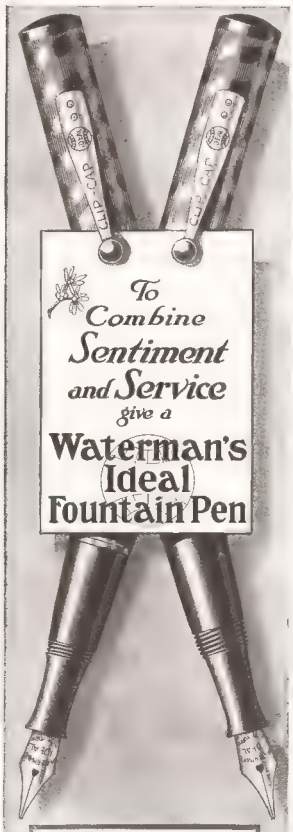
Then she took part of the paper and cut some of it into pieces of the right size and shape, some for tails and some for wings. With the water-color paints she drew brown stripes across the paper and then folded it up like a little fan. When she smoothed it out again, each piece was marked with brown and white, just as a turkey's tail and wings are marked.

When the wings and tail were dry, mamma stuck them carefully on the sides and one end of the walnut. Then on the other end she made a neck and head of green sealing wax, with little dabs of red sealing wax for the comb and the wattles. At last it was done: the funniest little turkey the children had ever seen. It stood straight up on the table, with its head held proudly in the air, its wings outstretched and its tail spread.

And how they worked after that to make other turkeys like it!

Not once did they ask for anything to eat or say they were tired, and when at last mamma said, "We must put everything away now, for in an hour we shall be at grandpa's," they counted, and found that they had a flock of twelve turkeys. They had only just time to put them all away carefully when the train stopped, and a tall man with a white beard came into the little room and kissed mamma, and said, as he stretched out his hands to the two little girls, "Come to your grandpa, you youngsters!"

The next day, at dinner, there was a proud little turkey at every plate, besides the big one, which did not look so proud, in the centre of the table; and grandpa said that was the first time he had ever known anyone to raise turkeys on a railway train.

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## NATURE & SCIENCE

THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE. Under certain conditions the sound of gunfire can be heard at great distances. The firing at Waterloo is said to have been heard in Kent, one hundred and thirty or more miles away. In 1864, when the *Alabama* was sunk off Cherbourg, the sound of the guns was heard in Somerset, one hundred and twenty-five miles distant. During the present war, artillery actions in Flanders have been audible in the south of Holland, in southeastern England and at places far inland. But more remarkable than the fact that cannonfire can be heard at such long distances is the fact that sometimes it cannot be heard at short distances. All observers near the western battle front remark the absence of the sound of the guns only a short way in front. Mr. Charles Davison, who discusses the subject in the *Quarterly Review*, says that on one occasion in 1901 not a sound from the Spithead guns could be heard in the neighboring towns, and that the nearest place at which any report was recorded was fifty miles away, in Surrey. Similar phenomena have been observed in volcanic eruptions. Professor Omori, in Japan, finds the sound area of the Asamayama, a very active volcano, to consist of two zones entirely detached from each other. Mr. Davison furnishes an ingenious explanation of the way in which the sound waves may be lifted by contrary winds over the heads of observers and afterwards, by favorable winds, brought down to the level of other observers far away. He comments, too, on the curious sensitiveness of birds, especially pheasants, to the sound of guns at a great distance. The North Sea battle in which the *Blücher* was sunk caused great excitement among the pheasants of Yorkshire and Cumberland, at points more than two hundred miles distant from the guns.

—

THE RESOURCEFUL ANT.—There are certain ants (*Œcophylla*) found in Asia, Africa and Australia that build their nests in trees by binding the leaves together with the aid of silk threads that the larvæ spin. If the nest is torn in any way, so that the leaves are separated from one another, the ants immediately hurry out. While some defend the nest against the enemy, others hasten to repair the damage. From one edge of the break the workers try to reach with their mandibles the edge of the neighboring leaf, in order to draw the two edges together, but if the distance is too great they form a living chain. With its mandibles one ant seizes a comrade by the body, so that the second one may be able to reach the edge of the neighboring leaf. If the distance is still too great, a third and a fourth join the others, until sometimes the chain is made up of five or six ants. The work is very fatiguing, for it sometimes takes several hours to fit the two leaves together. The ants then clean up and polish the edges of the leaves, and fasten them by a method so astonishing that the reports of the first observers in Singapore in 1890 were doubted by other naturalists. When the edges of the leaves are perfectly clean, several workers emerge from the nest, each bearing a larva between its mandibles. Holding the larva by the body with the head upward, the full-grown ant exerts a mild pressure with its mandibles until it causes the larva to excrete from its mouth a liquid that in solidifying forms a silk thread; and by carrying the head of the larva from the edge of one leaf to the edge of the other the ant obtains a web that holds the two leaves together. The interior walls of the nest are formed in the same way. Thus the larvæ serve both as spinning wheel and as bobbin.

NEST OF OECOPHYLLA

—

OUR ELECTROCHEMICAL PRODUCTS.—One of the sessions of the recent convention of the American Electrochemical Society was devoted to "Made in America" products of the electric furnace and electric cell. They include many of our most important materials, such as copper, aluminium, abrasives, bleach, a growing quantity of steel and many more. We may take pride in the fact that, although other chemical industries, such as the coal-tar industry, are primarily European, the electrochemical industry is largely American. It is here that the reduction of aluminium was invented and put on a commercial basis. The first plant for the electrical synthesis of the elements of the air and the production of artificial nitrate for fertilizer was erected at Niagara Falls. At the Falls, also, tons of abrasives are produced. The importance of the abrasives can best be appreciated by the fact that, if the supplies were to cease to-day, almost every mill and factory in the country would have to shut down within three months' time. Other electrochemical products of decided economical importance are graphite, phosphorus, hypochlorite of lime, magnesium, carbon bisulphide, calcium carbide, hydrate of sodium, ferro silicon and other iron alloys that are indispensable to the steel trade.

—

THE CABBAGE BUTTERFLY.—One of the commonest butterflies of Europe and America is the large white cabbage butterfly, which, in the caterpillar stage, does much damage to cabbage plants. When the caterpillars have eaten their fill and are ready to pass into the pupa stage, they leave the cabbage stalks and wander in search of a suitable spot for the change. An English naturalist describes their curious method of climbing walls by means of a rope ladder of silk. The thread is drawn from the mouth, and by a right-to-left movement an irregular foothold about a quarter of an inch wide is made for the legs and claspers. One larva an inch and a half long made 25 rungs or footholds in proceeding its own length. The highest chrysalis was 2½ feet from the ground, and it must have taken a ladder of some 4900 rungs to reach that height, and about 170 yards of silk to make it. Upon a windowpane 100 to 145 cross strands were required to gain 1½ inches. The time was 3½ to 6 minutes as against from 1 to 1½ minutes on the wall of a house. The higher the caterpillars climb the slower they go and the more tired they appear. In the chrysalis stage the pupæ spend the winter unaffected by snow or frost.

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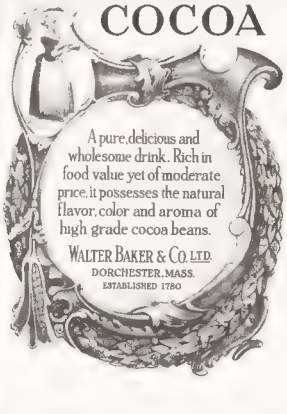

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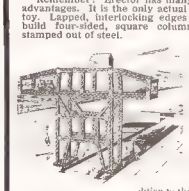

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## A STORY OF ENVER PASHA.

I HAVE known Enver Pasha nearly four years now, said a British vice consul to a traveler who writes to the *Post Saturday Magazine*. The beginning of our friendship dates from the Young Turk revolution of 1908. On the morning that the revolution broke out in Constantinople I went to the bazzars with a guard of marines to see that the shops of British subjects were not attacked. I found the Hindus unmolested, but the shops of the Armenians, Jews, Syrians and Greeks were being ruthlessly plundered, and I observed men dead or wounded lying on the pavement or across the doors of shops they had tried to defend. The climax was reached when a hulking trooper came staggering out over the body of a murdered Armenian rug merchant, carrying a sack of loot in one hand, and with the other dragging by the hair a half-senseless girl of fourteen or fifteen. Four or five companions, all loot-laden and yelling, reeled after him.

I had been ordered to refrain from interfering except to protect British subjects, and I was still hesitating when an Ottoman cavalry officer galloped up, leaped from his horse and flung himself upon the soldier. A vicious sabre cut, shearing through turban and scalp, sent the hulking wretch to the pavement. Instantly the youthful Galahad stooped to raise the fainting girl, and it was only by a catlike spring that he was able to oppose any guard to a descending sabre that one of the other looters aimed at the exposed back of his neck.

A moment later he had backed into an angle of the wall and was calmly meeting the furious but ill directed attack of the ruffians.

I wish the fight could have gone on to a finish, for so coolly and adroitly did the young officer stand his ground that I am confident he would have outmatched his clumsy assailants; but my "jackies" got out of hand and started in to equalize a contest that outraged their sense of sportsmanship. The "Bazoukies" scattered at the sight of the ominously leveled bayonets, but it was a very angry Turkish officer who strode up to the big sergeant of marines and, in voluble French, demanded to know what he meant by mixing up in another man's fight.

"I am K., of the British embassy," I interposed in halting Turkish. "The marines thought you were in danger, and with the best of intentions tried to create a diversion in your favor."

"I am Enver, captain in the Young Turk army," he replied stiffly, in precise English. "In the circumstances, your apology is accepted. As you and these men appear to have wandered away from that portion of the city where protection has been provided for foreigners, may I not requite your kindness by conducting all of you safely back to the British embassy?"

And, in spite of my protests to the contrary, come he did. But he unbent on the way, and our meeting of that morning was the beginning of a warm friendship.

## THE WILD HUNTERS.

THERE is always something appealing in the companionship of man and dog. In a recent number of *Outing*, Mr. Stewart Edward White tells the story of a stirring hunt that he once witnessed in the heart of Africa, the leading characters in which were a black dog and a naked savage:

At four o'clock Cuninghame and I got our chairs out in the shade, unlimbered our glasses, and amused ourselves by scanning the plain below. Some topi and a single wildebeest were grazing about five hundred yards below. Suddenly they all scattered off at a great speed.

"Wonder what started them?" said Cuninghame.

Then we saw a black dog about the size of a pointer. Paying no attention to the topi, he took after the wildebeest. The latter loped easily, but the dog fairly had to scratch gravel to hold his own. It looked like a sure thing for the wildebeest, but the dog hung to it. Farther and farther they went until they became mere specks, and we had to take to our glasses. About two miles away the wildebeest dodged and doubled, then ran through a herd. The dog never lost sight of the one he was after, and paid no attention to the rest. At last the animal turned at bay, making short lunges and charges, which the dog dodged, trying to get in at the beast's hind quarters.

Now, for the first time we noticed a savage running like smoke across the arc of the circle the chase had taken. He was stark naked, a splendid figure of a man, and carried nothing but a bow and arrows. How he could run! We saw him stop and discharge arrows, although it was too far away to see them. The wildebeest hesitated, and we saw the little black speck of a dog leap for his throat. They both went down in a heap; and Cuninghame and I stood up and cheered, although we were two miles away and could see nothing without the glasses.

When we sat down again it was over. The dog was sitting by the carcass, and the savage was headed for a lone bush to get materials with which to cover his prize for the night. When the meat was "bushed," he and the dog started soberly for home. The chase had lasted just forty-two minutes.

## AN EASY JOB.

MURPHY was taking a day off, says an English weekly, and, wishing to enjoy himself thoroughly, he walked round to watch "the boys." He was surprised to see his friend Kelly working as if carrying a hodful of mortar up and down a ladder were the only thing he took any real pleasure in.

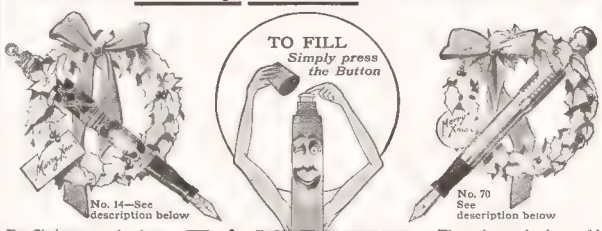
"It's surprised that's working mighty hard to-day, Kelly!" expostulated Murphy.

"Whist! I'm just making a fool of the boss!" said Kelly, winking slyly.

"And how are you doing that, Kelly?"

"Sure, Murphy, it's as easy as kissing your hand! He sees me going up the ladder with my hod full of mortar, and he thinks I'm working. But, Murphy, my boy, it's the same hodful I'm carting up and down all the time!"


Santa Claus Suggests
Parker Safety Sealed Fountain Pens

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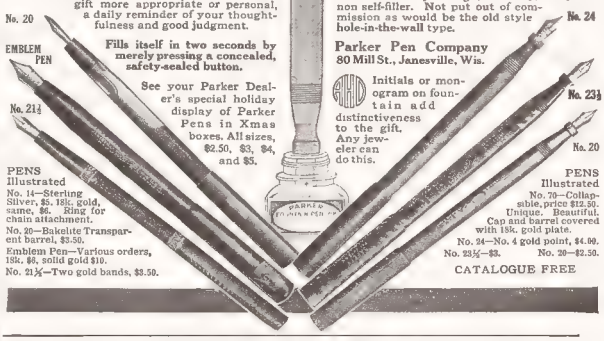


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No. 21½—Two gold bands, $3.50.

PENS
Illustrated
No. 70—Collapsible, price $12.50. Unique. Beautiful. Cap and barrel covered with 18k. gold plate.
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No. 23½—$3. No. 20—$2.50.

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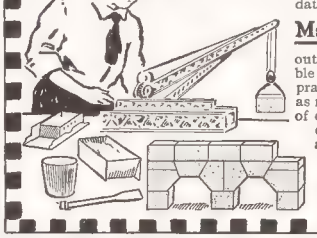

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### UNHEALTHY EYELIDS.

THERE are many causes for an unhealthy condition of the eyelids. Sometimes the trouble lies in the eyes themselves, but in many cases the eyes have nothing to do with the origin of the affection, although if the lids are badly affected the eyes must suffer. The lids are liable to skin troubles, like any other part of the skin. After middle life cancerous growths sometimes appear there.

When a general inflammatory condition of the skin spreads to the eyelids, as in the case of acne, treat it just as you would elsewhere, except that you must take great care not to use applications that are strong enough to irritate the eyes. Ordinary herpes, or "fever sores," which is so common round the lips, sometimes affects the lids. It may be caused by feverish conditions of the system, or by extreme exposure to sun and wind, or by any condition that irritates a sensitive skin. This form of herpes runs a mild course, and there is no need to do anything except to keep the lids cool and clean.

Herpes zoster, or shingles, is a more serious thing. When that occurs, the upper lid becomes very much inflamed and swollen. The ulcers beneath the scabs are deep and often leave permanent scars. Sometimes the disease invades the eye itself; that is always serious, and occasionally it leads to the loss of sight. The pain of herpes zoster is often so intense that opiates are needed, and then the physician should be called in without delay. Warm applications while you are waiting for his arrival will do no harm and may give relief.

Œdema of the eyelids, which means swelling, is another symptom that calls for the physician; it may mean little or much, and is often the result of some mischief in the eyes themselves. When the eyes are not at fault, œdema of the lids may be caused by trouble in some remote organ,—in the heart or the kidneys, for example,—or it may be owing to anæmia. It often accompanies very serious eye diseases, such as iritis or keratitis. When it is caused by disease in the eye the only thing to do is to treat the eye. In rare cases the œdema may be so extreme as to threaten the sight. Then an operation is necessary in order to relieve the pressure.

### AN UNGALLANT LOVER.

IT has often occurred to me, says Mr. J. E. Patterson in his volume of reminiscences entitled "Sea-Pie," that if Eastern women were to drop the custom of veiling, there would be fewer marriages among them. Their men certainly have a taste for real beauty, and they know it when it is presented to them.

In an Algerian party on board the *Sirius* there was a family of three, a young girl and her parents; her lover was encamped with four male friends on the opposite side of the deck. Now, although he was the accepted one, he had, in keeping with their faith and customs, never seen any more of his *fiancée* than her eyes, hair, hands and naked feet. Nor, as is generally the case, had any of his female relatives yet succeeded in seeing and reporting on the supposed wondrous beauty hidden by her *adajar*.

In his plotting heart, Ibrahim meant to see her face—half infidel that he was. In that glorious Grecian weather we were passing through the Cyclades. The dark-skinned pair were talking by the side of the midship bunker hatch, between the bridge and the temporary companionway. I had already made a sort of unofficial acquaintance with "Pills" (the doctor) by the medium of my half chest of books; and he and I were standing near the rail on the lower bridge watching these two lovers and their compatriots.

The man soon changed his position. That caused Mera to alter hers so that she was facing the hatchway, the corner of it being between them. Now he sank down on the deck, crossing his legs and squatting on his heels. She was looking aft and he forward, and the lower end of her adajar was a few inches below the combings, against which she leaned. The conversation suffered no break. Very likely he was telling her how many sheep he had, and dwelling with pride on the peculiarities of certain members of the flock, on his merits as a shepherd and his prowess as a horseman, and on the rare fertility of his father's two fields. Meanwhile her mother, a careful chaperon, turned now and then, from a vantage post by the opposite bulwarks, to glance at them.

Abruptly, without so much as a preliminary murmur, he gave a cry of feigned pain, clapped one hand to the rear of his anatomy, and leaped straight to his feet. His action had the instantaneous effect of making her start suddenly backward. And lo! that quick movement jerked the veil from her face and left it bare.

The perfidious young rogue had secretly fastened the edge of the veil to the loose corner of the tarpaulin that covered the hatch. Then he had produced a formidable pin and surreptitiously stuck it into himself, as if it had lain on the deck and worked him evil as he sat.

Now he stood facing her, thunderstruck, one hand still behind him, half the big pin showing between his fingers, and his gaze fixed on her horrified face.

She was completely stupefied. The adajar was still attached to her and to the tarpaulin, and the other Algerians looked at her in wonder and horror at the desecration done in publicly exposing a woman's face. That lasted a few seconds. Then the mother, gathering her scattered senses together, ran to the girl, snatched the veil free from the hatch covering and roughly jammed it into its proper place; but not before everyone had seen that her daughter had a large harelip, and across the chin a disfiguring transverse scar that had probably been caused by some accident in early life.

Feminine intuition—in this case apparently roused by justifiable spite—led the older woman to a right conclusion as to the origin and course of the seeming accident. More years and greater world knowledge than her daughter possessed had doubtless given her a penetrating insight into the ways of that blunter sex which has made itself lords of creation, especially in the East. However, whether that was so or not, all that day there was great trouble in the "'tween-decks," where the parties at once went to discuss the affair; and it broke out again more than once during the voyage.

### THE SERVIUS TULLIUS OF AMERICA.

ONE of the greatest compliments ever paid to Lincoln came too late for the President to know of it. After his assassination the Italian government sent to the government of the United States, as a memorial of its admiration for him, a large block from the ruins of the Servian Wall. The remains of that great wall are meagre indeed, and jealously guarded; and the fact that the Italian people were willing to part with even one stone from so valuable a treasure testifies to the esteem in which they held Abraham Lincoln. But in the sentiment behind the gift lay the great compliment to our martyred President.

Servius Tullius, the builder of the Servian Wall, was the creator of a work of far more lasting value to his people, the Servian constitution. By means of that the first taste of political independence was given to the plebs, or common people. Only a fragment now remains of that stupendous piece of masonry, which was five miles in circumference, sixty feet high and fifty feet wide; but the reform inaugurated by the Servian constitution has grown through the centuries into complete political freedom for the people of Italy.

It is not strange, then, that the Italian nation saw a striking resemblance between their ancient hero and our modern emancipator. In their minds no more fitting tribute could be paid to the memory of Lincoln than a gift of the only tangible relic of Servius Tullius. Therefore, in 1865 a block from the ancient ruins was shipped to the United States. It was lost on the way, but in 1912 another block was sent, and that is now preserved in the National Museum in Washington. The Latin inscription on it may be translated thus:

"To Lincoln, twice President of the United States, the Roman Citizens give this stone from the wall of Servius Tullius, by means of which may both those strenuous supporters of liberty be linked in memory."

### THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE POILU.

THE wonderful spirit of the men at the front in spite of terrors and strains unheard of until now is delightfully embodied in this bit of soldierly philosophy that a French soldier sent to a friend in Massachusetts. The piece has been printed and circulated all along the front, and has become exceedingly popular among the French soldiers. No one knows its origin. Thus it runs:

"You have two alternatives—either you are mobilized or you are not. If not, you have nothing to worry about.

"If you are mobilized, you have two alternatives—you are in camp or at the front. If you are in camp, you have nothing to worry about.

"If you are at the front, you have two alternatives—either you are in reserve or on the fighting line. If you are in reserve, you have nothing to worry about.

"If you are on the fighting line, you have two alternatives—either you fight or you don't. If you don't, you have nothing to worry about. If you do, you have two alternatives—either you get hurt or you don't. If you don't, you have nothing to worry about.

"If you are hurt, you have two alternatives—either you get slightly hurt or you get badly hurt. If slightly, you have nothing to worry about.

"If badly, you have two alternatives—either you recover or you don't. If you recover, you have nothing to worry about. If you don't, and have followed my advice clear through, you have done with worry forever."

### SLOW BUT SURE.

THE telegraph messenger at Ashland, Kentucky, Gerald Tharp, says the *Western Union News*, is familiar with the principle embodied in Elbert Hubbard's story, "A Message to Garcia," although this will probably be his first intimation that such a story was ever written.

A local confectioner called for a messenger to go out to a farmhouse for two dozen eggs. Gerald was detailed for the errand, which ordinarily would consume thirty minutes. At the end of three hours he returned with the eggs, and was promptly called on the carpet by the manager to explain his long absence from the office. In a round Irish brogue Gerald explained that the farmer had only twenty-three eggs, and he had waited two and one half hours for a Plymouth Rock hen to lay the other egg.

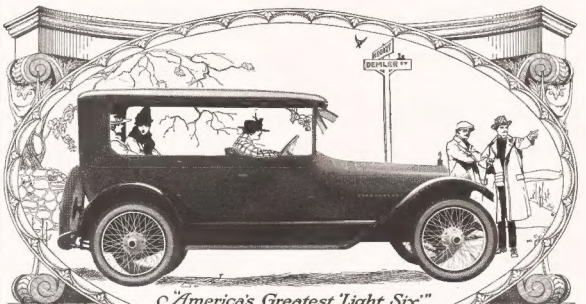
Gerald refuses to pose for his photograph.

### AN EXPERT OPINION.

A MAN who kept a road house in Rhode Island, says the *Public Health Journal*, was called upon to testify in a suit as to the number of cubic yards that were handled in some filling work near his place. He showed very little knowledge of the matter, and his idea of a cubic yard was so indefinite that it seemed doubtful whether he knew what the term meant. In order to make its meaning clear, the judge said:

"Listen, witness! Assume this inkstand to be three feet across the top this way and three feet that way and three feet in height, what should you call it?"

"Well, Your Honor," said the witness, without hesitation, "I should say it was *some* inkstand."

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